McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLV | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1908. | NO. 1

WEDDING BELLS RING OUT THE DYING YEAR

Several Couples of Smethport and Other Places Married.

ONE OF THEM A HAPPY SURPRISE

Cupid Certainly Worked Overtime During the Past Year—Only a Few of "Us Left"—"Not Used as the Editoral "Us."

From a Bolivar dispatch in the Buffalo Times it is learned that the marriage of Mr. Herbert Yerdon and Miss Rose C. Riggall occurred in Bolivar, at 6 o'clock Christmas night, at the home of Mrs. Sarah Riggall, the Rev. G. A. Bond, pastor of the M. E. church, conducting the ceremony. About 30 relatives and friends of the young couple were in attendance. The bride and bridegroom were unattended. Miss Edith Zimmerman of Syracuse University played the wedding march. The bride held the position of book-keeper for Root & Wertman, and was for a time a compositor in the Bolivar Breeze office. She is a highly accomplished young lady, well known in Smethport, where she made many friends several years ago during a long visit with relatives. The groom is a former Smethport boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Yerdon now of Jamestown, N. Y., and is employed as clerk in a hardware store in Buffalo. Many Smethport friends unite with the MINER in extending hearty congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Yerdon.

BURDICK-BENNETT.

At Olean, Tuesday afternoon, occurred the marriage of Miss Ida M. Bennett and Mr. Anson S. Burdick, both of Smethport. The happy event was a complete surprise to their many friends, but nevertheless a happy one, and Mr. and Mrs. Burdick have been kept busy since Tuesday night receiving hearty congratulations and well wishes. The bride is one of Smethport's most popular ladies and the groom a well known and esteemed business man, senior member of the firm of Burdick & Sartwell, plumbers. They will continue to make Smethport their home and the sincere wish of all is that they may have a long, happy and prosperous married life.

MARKS-DICKINSON.

Married, at the parsonage of the First Baptist church, Olean, Thursday afternoon, Dec. 26, 1907, by the Rev. C. W. Bachelder, Mr. Harry Marks of Bridgton, N. J., and Miss Carrie Dickinson of Smethport.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dickinson of Bank street, and is one of Smethport's most popular young ladies whose never-failing cheerfulness has won for her the warm regard of a large number of friends and acquaintances. The groom is a window glass cutter, well and very favorably known in this place where he was at one time employed. It is understood that at present he holds a position in Jeanette, Pa.

The happy young couple were accompanied to Olean by Miss Elsie Sherer and Thursday night the party returned to Smethport. On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Marks departed on a honeymoon journey which will include visits to Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Camden, Atlantic City and Bridgton.

It is the sincere wish of a host of friends that the married life of these worthy young people may be one of unalloyed happiness.

ABBEY-MASTERSON.

On Sunday last Mr. Earl Abbey of Smethport and Miss Mary Masterson of Sartwell were married by Justice O. T. Chase of East Smethport. Mr. and Mrs. Abbey will reside in Smethport after their return from a honeymoon trip. These young people are very popular among their many friends.

SMITH-WERT.

Miss Viva Wert of Smethport and Mr. Elisha Smith of East Smethport were married recently in Olean. They are popular young people and are receiving congratulations from many friends.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. for the election of directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 100 Main Street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, the 14th day of January, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m.

R. E. BURDICK, Sec'y.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 26 1908.

Call at Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 45tf

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

Golden Wedding Celebration.

A very delightful occasion was that enjoyed by the Traveller's Club and their friends Saturday afternoon, Dec. 28, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Richmond, when was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of this worthy couple.

About fifty persons responded to the invitations of the Club, of which Mrs. Richmond is a member, bringing with them congratulations for the day and good wishes for the future.

Mrs. F. A. McCoy in a few well chosen words presented Mrs. Richmond with a gold thimble, a remembrance from her neighbors.

Mrs. T. A. Morrison, president of the Traveller's Club, gave an address in which she spoke of the love and esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Richmond are held, and in behalf of the Travellers presented them with a reading lamp and a beautiful cut glass dish. She was followed by Mrs. D. C. Young, with reminiscenses of the early life of the host and hostess. Mrs. Scott Walker rendered several piano selections after which the company were invited to the dining room where they were served with an elegant luncheon.

The afternoon was one long to be remembered by all. Many beautiful gifts were sent by relatives and friends. "a"

Aside from the Traveller's Club many other friends of Mr. and Mrs Richmond visited them at their home on Franklin street and extended their congratulations and well wishes upon this notable occasion. Old times were discussed and thoroughly enjoyable visits made. It is the earnest wish of all that this highly esteemed couple live to celebrate many more anniversaries.

Terry is Not a Dead One.

Terry Edwards, the pugilist, whose death was reported throughout this part of the country last summer as having been caused by a knockout blow received in a fight in an Indiana town in Olean: Terry, like Mark Twain upon a somewhat similar occasion, says that the report of his death has been greatly exaggerated. He doubts that he is any way a dead one and is anxious to fight Bill Carrig of Olean to prove his undiminished vitality to the public.

One of the Bradford papers recently published a wierd story to the effect that Terry was knocked out in the eighteenth round of a bout in Smethport about one year ago and did not come to for over fifty-two hours. If Terry told that tale his mind must be wandering.

Edwards once boxed with Kid Miller in Smethport. The match was to go ten rounds, but was stopped early in the game by the authorities. Miller is said to have been killed in Philadelphia a few years ago by a blow received in the ring. Since that time Terry has made numerous efforts to arrange a go in Smethport, but as officers of the law do not take kindly to the sport in this place his endeavors have not been successful

Smethport Hose Co. Appointments.

Foreman J. W. Waite of the Smethport Hose Co. has made the following appointments for the year 1908: Pipemen or nozzlemen: B. T. Garlick, F. Whelan, Frank Dunbar, F. H. Hungiville, Rex Stark and Earl Hafner. The nozzlemen will be under the management of First Assistant Foreman John Stark.

Hosemen: Harry Haley, William Andrews, William Digel, John Conley, Ed. Walker, Ray Day, J. E. Mundy and Fred Wendall. The hosemen will be under the management of Second Assistant Cort Corwin.

Laddermen: J. M. Hornlein, W. H. Gallup, Harold McCarty, John Chapman, Webb Hopper and R. E. Burdick. The laddermen will be under the management of J. M. Hornlein.

Hydrantmen: E. W. Strong and Leo Digel.

Hon. T. F. Richmond Seriously Ill.

Hon. Thomas F. Richmond is seriously ill at his home on West Main street. His sickness started with an attack of grip about two weeks ago, and on Christmas day his ailment took a decided turn for the worse. Pneumonia developed and for the past week his condition has been such as to cause grave anxiety. Mr. Richmond is one of the most able attorneys in northwestern Pennsylvania, a former Member of the Legislature from this county, and a man who can number his friends by the hundreds. A cheering report comes from his bedside this morning to the effect that his condition shows marked improvement.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON CO.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Wanted—A good farmer to work the Larabee farm on shares. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Death of Barney Benson.

Barney Benson, aged about 28 years, died at the home of his grandmother in Colegrove Monday evening, the cause of his death being typhoid fever. The deceased had been working in the Robinson, (Ill.) oil fields, but came home a short time ago because he was not feeling well. His trouble was walking typhoid and he was up and around for several days after returning home. He was taken suddenly worse while calling on his grandmother and it was impossible to move him to the home of his parents.

He was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Benson of Colegrove and was a young man who possessed those admirable qualities which made him a host of friends among a large circle of acquaintances. He is survived by his parents and several brothers and sisters who will have the heartfelt sympathy of many friends in this their time of great bereavement.

The funeral services are to be held at Colegrove at 1 o'clock to-day and his remains will be laid at rest in the Colegrove cemetery.

Death of William Butts.

William Butts, son of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Butts of Clermont, died at the Ridgway hospital last Thursday night, the cause of his death being appendicitis. He was aged about 26 years.

The deceased was born in Clermont and had always resided there. He was a young man of excellent habits, a kind, jovial disposition, and one who made many friends among those who knew him.

Besides his parents he is survived by one brother, Fred of Clermont, and two sisters, Mrs. W. P. Mulhorn of St. Marys, Pa., and Miss Katheryn, who resides at Clermont, who deeply feel the loss of a kind and loving son and brother.

The funeral services were held at Clermont on Monday and his remains were brought to Smethport that afternoon on the four o'clock train and laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Swedish-American League Meets.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Swedish-American Republican League of McKean county was held in Kane on Friday, December 27, 1907. A large number of delegates from all parts of the county were present.

The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; vice president, Chas. London, Mt. Jewett; secretary, Carl Engstrom, Kane; treasurer, A. J. Nordstrom, Port Allegany. Oscar Engstrom of Smethport received the League's unanimous endorsement for county commissioner and Albert Anderson of Clermont for county auditor.

After the meeting the delegates were taken to the Hotel La Mont, where the Kane Club had prepared an elegant banquet to which all did ample justice. Carl Engstrom of Kane was the toast master and he certainly proved himself equal to the emergency and kept the crowd in good humor until the small hours of the morning when all adjourned, voting the Kane Club the best of entertainers.

Weston Coming to Olean.

Secretary W. M. Abrams, Jr., of the Olean Snow Shoe club received a letter yesterday from Edward Payson Weston, Fifth Avenue hotel, New York, in which he states he will accept the invitation to deliver a lecture under the auspices of the club in this city in January for a date which will be announced later. Olean is to be congratulated upon a chance to hear this grand old man, as he is in demand all over the country. Mr. Oscar Segebarth of Dunkirk, N. Y., walked with Weston on his recent trip, accompanying him from Dunkirk to Erie, 48 miles, and Mr. Weston stated that the Olean Snow Shoe club of this city was the only pedestrian organization which had a representative accompany him that distance on his long hike from New York to Chicago.—Olean Times.

Confessed to Old Time Murder.

A DuBois dispatch says: After being a fugitive from justice for seventeen years, Gabriella Colossa on Friday was placed in the Brookville jail a confessed murderer.

Colossa recently appeared before Squire Barr of Brookville and told the magistrate that he killed a man in St. Augustine, Fla., in 1890, and fled. He said that lately a man had been shadowing him and he was afraid he would be killed.

Justice Barr wrote the Florida authorities and received word that a prominent Italian politician, Joe Landias, had been killed about the date mentioned and that the murderer had never been apprehended. Upon receipt of this information Colossa was arrested. An officer is on the way North to arrange for extradition.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

I have some sidewalk lumber, also some 8x12 and 8x16-16 and 20 feet long for sale cheap. James Quirk.

Fire Near Hazelhurst.

The large new barn and residence on the J. L. Moran farm, about one mile east of Hazelhurst on the Hazelhurst and Smethport road, together with the most of the contents, were destroyed by fire at an early hour Friday morning, entailing a loss of about $6,000.

Mrs. MacKenzie, who with her husband occupied the dwelling, was awakened at about 4:30 a. m. and discovering that the barn was on fire awakened her husband, who without waiting to dress, ran to the barn and breaking open a door rescued the horses, not however until the blanket which enveloped one of them together with a goodly portion of hair, had been burned off.

An alarm was promptly sounded and the people of Hazelhurst and those of neighboring farms came promptly to the scene, but there was little that could be done toward saving the contents of the barn.

The building was a comparatively new one, 50x70 feet in size and contained about 20 tons of hay and straw, 75 bushels of oats, one three-seated wagon, one two-seat, two buggies, one surrey, three two-horse wagons, two sets of heavy sleds and a lot of other property belonging to James A. Hays, liveryman, of Hazelhurst who leased the farm about one year ago and was using the barn as a storage building for his rigs as well as for the crops. His loss is placed at $1,500 on which there is no insurance.

In addition to the above J. L. Moran lost a complete equipment of plows, harrows, rakes, drills, reapers, etc., which with the barn and dwelling were worth at least $4,500 to $5,000. Mr. Moran's property was insured for between $2,000 and $3,000.

Mr. MacKenzie, who lives on the farm, also lost a portion of his household effects.

The flames appear to have started in the hay mow, but why or how there is no telling, especially as the doors of the structure were securely locked.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Glass Plants Start.

A Cleveland dispatch of yesterday says: "Prospects of a busy spring and a normal resumption of activity in the building trades is indicated by the advance reports that have reached the officers of the Amalgamated Window Glass Workers of America. These reports are from all sections of the country. Secretary Tarr stated that New York window glass jobbers have indicated to him that inquiry in the glass trade during the present week has been greater than for two months, and that prospects for a rushing business in the spring are flattering.

Three more glass factories have opened up during the present week, employing over 600 men. They are at Kane and Wilcox, Pa., and at Clarksburg, W. Va. Mr. Tarr also stated that the strike difficulties with the manufacturers were being gradually adjusted and that the new scale was being signed quite generally. Plant after plant, he said, is added to the list every week."

"The Lion and the Mouse."

Charles Klein, author of "The Lion and the Mouse," experienced the same difficulty in securing a hearing for his play almost every successful dramatist undergoes. When he had finished the manuscript he approached every manager of prominence in New York, but none of them thought well of it until he met Henry B. Harris. This gentleman saw the wonderful possibilities of a drama dealing with the question of trusts and political intrigue and forthwith made a contract with Mr. Klein. The result is known to everyone who reads the newspapers or magazines, as "The Lion and the Mouse" has made the greatest hit of anything known to the stage in the last decade. When Mr. Klein completes his next play he will probably not go farther than Mr. Harris's office to place his product. At the Lyceum, Thursday, January 23.

Conducting Hotels for 42 Years.

Among the hotel licenses granted by the court last Monday was that of William Gies for the Commercial hotel on Erie Avenue. An examination of the records discloses the fact that this is the forty-second consecutive year that Mr. Gies has received a hotel license from the court, and all of them have been granted for hotels in St. Marys. Ever since 1887, Mr. Gies has conducted the Commercial; prior to that time he conducted the Franklin House for seven years, and before the fire of 1880 he conducted the Elk house near where the Hall & Kaul Company store now stands. During all those years Mr. Gies and his amiable wife have been recognized as the leading hotel people of Elk county and here is hoping it will be many years before they retire from business.—St. Marys Gazette.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

"Druggist" Cigars everywhere.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Lillian, the young daughter of Elmer E. and Dora S. Laraway, died at the residence of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Starks, in Keating township, on Saturday, Dec. 31, 1887, of typhoid fever, aged two years and seven months. Lillian was a lovely child and the pride of her parents and grandparents, to whom her death is a crushing blow. The funeral was held at the Starks residence in Keating township on Monday, Rev. T. W. Chandler, pastor of the Smethport M. E. church, conducting the services, and was attended by a large concourse of relatives and neighbors. The remains were buried in the Aldrich cemetery near Knapp P. O., Hamlin township.

Our well known and highly esteemed citizen, D. L. Forsythe, Esq., has gone completely back on the ladies of this section of country. On Monday, accompanied by his daughter, Jennie, he quietly slipped out of town, and the first we heard of his whereabouts was the following which appeared in a paper published in Howell, Mich., on Thursday, Jan. 12, 1888, under the head of "Wedding Bells:"

A large number of our best citizens assembled at the residence of Miss Julie E. Neely last evening, Wednesday, Jan. 11, 1888, on the occasion of her marriage to Daniel L. Forsythe of Smethport, Pa. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wm. Service. The couple were recipients of numerous handsome and costly presents. They will remain here during the month of January, after which they expect to reside at Smethport. The bride is highly esteemed by our people, and has always been closely identified with the social, educational and religious interests of Howell.

We understand that Miss Neely has been a teacher in the public schools of Howell for several years past, is a member of the Presbyterian church of that place, has been active in church and Sunday school work and is greatly beloved by all her acquaintances. Guests were present at the wedding from Port Huron, Kalamazoo, Plymouth, Brighton and Pinckney, besides those from Howell. The estimation in which the bride is held among her friends is shown in the gifts presented at her marriage. The donors are not known here, therefore we will only give a list of the articles:

The Presbyterian Sunday school presented her with a silver tea set and butter dish, a handsome clock was presented by a number of friends, a silver tray, pitcher and goblet was presented by the Howell public school teachers, 1 oil painting, 1 pastel painting, 1 volume of the Lives of the Presidents, 1 individual creamer and sugar bowl, 1 set of fruit knives, an illustrated volume of Tennyson's poems, an illustrated volume of "Beauties of Tennyson," 1 silver mounted celery dish, a pair of decorated toilet bottles, two perfumery holders, two sets of teaspoons, 1 silver cream spoon, 1 silver mounted jelly dish, 1 set of knives and forks, 1 handkerchief holder, 1 silver butter knife, 1 silver berry spoon, a set of silver nut picks by Miss Jennie Forsythe, 1 perfumery holder, 1 set fruit knives, 3 sachet bags, 1 painted plaque, 1 daisy tidy by Mrs. Eva Picard, 1 set fruit knives, 1 plush stand cover, 1 silver butter dish and 1 large painting.

Mrs. Forsythe will be heartily welcomed by the best society of Smethport.

Horace Colegrove, Esq., of Norwich township, died on Monday, Jan. 16, 1888, at 4 o'clock p. m., aged 69 years.

About two years ago Mr. Colegrove had an attack of paralysis in his left side from which he never fully recovered. On Monday of last week he had a second attack, which finally resulted in his death. Mr. Colegrove was born in a log cabin on the east bank of Potato creek opposite where the Norwich cemetery was afterwards located, and was one of the first children born in the Potato creek valley. He was a brother of Wm. J. Colegrove, Esq., of this place, and a son of the late Hon. Jonathan Colegrove, who moved into Norwich township in 1815 and who, in an early day, represented this district in the Legislature. In 1839 Horace married Emily Burlingame, sister of H. W. Burlingame of Hamlin township, Mrs. Russel Carter of Annin township and H. D. Burlingame of of Sizerville, Cameron county. Mrs. Colegrove survives him, also their three sons, Jonathan, Theron and Bela, and their only daughter, Mrs. Jonathan Greely. Mr. Colegrove was highly respected by his friends and neighbors, a large number of whom attended his funeral at the Colegrove church on Wednesday afternoon last. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. T. W. Chandler of the M. E. church of Smethport.

Lamb-Strong.—In Hamilton township, McKean county, on Nov. 27, 1887 at the residence of the bride's father, L. M. Strong, by Rev. H. D. Todd of Kinzua, Mr. J. T. Lamb, of Thayer county, Neb., and Miss Clara Strong. Miss Strong has been long and favorably known in McKean county, having been a teacher in the common schools of this county for six years, and also one year in Nebraska. After a short visit among relatives and friends the happy couple will start for their distant home in Nebraska, stopping on their way in Illinois and Iowa. The best wishes of a host of friends follow them to their new home.

Bradford to Have a Team.

Bradford Star: George F. Rindernecht, one of those who rescued base ball from the clutches of Fred Page in 1905 when Page had lain down on his players and all his Bradford creditors to the tune of $400, has again come to the rescue. At a meeting of the stockholders of the Bradford base ball association he agreed to take a chance on the season of 1908 and the franchise, team and all the appurtenances were presented to him and his associates by the old club owners who so valiantly put the team through the season of 1907. President Delevan Emery umpired the meeting and Secretary Martin J. McGowan kept score. It developed that the gentlemen who shouldered the base ball burden in 1907 were ready to stand from under and to content themselves with seats in the grandstand or on the bleachers if there was any sportsman who wished to furnish Bradford with the national game. At this dramatic moment George stepped forward and saved the day. Mr. Rindernecht will also endeavor to save the league from a bust up by going to Cleveland on Jan. 7 and put a crimp into the aspirations of our slick friend, Mr. Baumeister of Erie who says he wants to get out of this league into "faster" company. Oil City and Franklin are willing to go it again in 1908, and Mr. Rindernecht believes that another town to be chosen and Olean will come into the game and that a six club league is a cinch, while an eight club organization is not beyond the possible. Mr. Rindernecht when he was handed his gift was told that he had neither Foster nor Arthur Smith; as both had been released after the playing season at their request, and that Hazelton and Zollers had been promised their release. This did not bother the magnate any as he said he had a hundred applications for base ball jobs. Now that it is certain that if there is a league Bradford will be in it, let us boost.

To Become a Priest.

John Burke, the well known Tri-State League pitcher, who played with Erie two seasons ago, will soon forsake the diamond and enter the priesthood. Such is the evolution of a ball player whom Erie fans remember as one of the best all-around ball players ever connected with the local team. Burke's home is at Hazelton, Pa. He will soon be ordained as a Catholic priest.

Burke was with Lancaster in the Tri-State League last season, and won 15 out of 20 games. Lancaster wanted him again for 1908. Before joining Lancaster he was with Newark, Buffalo and Montreal of the Eastern League. He saved his money to pay for his education and provide for his aged parents. For the past six years he has been a student at St. Bonaventure's college, Allegany, N. Y., from which he will be graduated in the spring.—Erie Dispatch.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 28, 1907:

Emil Charles, Elmo Rice, Daniel E. Roch, Orville Scott.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

It is very important and in fact it is absolutely necessary to health that we give relief to the stomach promptly at the first signs of trouble—which are belching of gas, nausea, sour stomach, headache, irritability and nervousness. These are warnings that the stomach has been mistreated; it is doing too much work and it is demanding help from you. Take something once in a while; especially after meals; something like Kodol For Dyspepsia Indigestion. It will enable your stomach to do its work properly. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS, Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Sunday Hack to Newton.

J. E. Haley announces that he runs a hack to Newton Sunday regularly to meet the 3:12 train on the B. R. & P., and will meet all other trains when notified in advance. Leave word at Haley's livery or C. B. Dickenson's store.

Telegraphy.

Telegraphy will be re-opened January 14. Arrange now if you want to learn the art at Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

Wanted.

To exchange second hand hemlock lumber for hay. C. H. Gleason.

Everybody should try a "Druggist."

Blaisdell's S. M. P. T.

By Graham Bell.

Copyright, 1907, by F. C. Eastman.

Blanche paused for a moment in the doorway and looked hopelessly about her. She hated the apartment with its shabby carpet, its stuffy atmosphere and the cheap small talk of the medium priced boarding house, but it was at least better than the cheerless little room that even her feminine ingenuity could not transform into the semblance of home.

Over at the piano the young woman who had charge of the millinery department of a big store picked out "Love Me and the World Is Mine" with one finger, the yellow keyed piano responding occasionally with the right note. A floorwalker from the same store looked adoringly down upon her, and Mrs. Castleton, the landlady, smiled approvingly upon both of them. Already they had told her that after the first of the year they should need

IT WAS LATE WHEN THEY FINALLY STOOD ON THE STEPS.

the front room on the first floor instead of the rear hall rooms on the third and fourth floors.

Colonel McGregor was studying a chess problem over in one corner, and various little groups were formed about the room. Blanche had just decided that the hall room was preferable to the piano when Mrs. Castleton transferred her attention from the amorous pair at the piano to the newcomer.

"Oh, Miss Philbrick," she called. "May I speak with you a moment?"

Blanche came forward, wondering what Mrs. Castleton might have to say. Evidently from the fat smile that adorned the landlady's face she was about to ask a favor.

"Are you to be here for dinner Thursday?" went on Mrs. Castleton. "It's Thanksgiving," continued the matron, seeing from Blanche's face that she did not understand, "and the rest of the folks are going home for the day or will spend it with friends."

"I have no friends here in the city," said Blanche frankly, "and home is so dreadfully far away."

Home had never seemed so far away as at that moment. She had left her home when her father married again. There was no place she might call home, not even the little room upstairs.

Mrs. Castleton's face fell at the announcement. "I was thinking that if you was going out, too," she explained. "I might let the servants have the day out. Then we could have the turkey and things on Sunday," she added as proof that her motives were not mercenary.

Guy Blaisdell noted the girl's embarrassment and came to her relief. "You have left me out of this discussion," he cried gayly. "I'm one of the homeless too. I propose that Miss Philbrick join me in the formation of the Society For Making People Thankful."

Mrs. Castleton eyed Blaisdell apprehensively. She never was certain where his remarks would lead. Only that morning he had led her on in praise of the butter and had wound up by declaring it to be the strongest butter he had ever tasted. Blaisdell caught her glance and hastened to put her mind at rest.

"This is an admirable order," he ran on. "I know where there is a place where they give real old fashioned New England cooking. They are going to spread themselves Thursday. If Miss Philbrick will be my guest she will make me very thankful and at the same time she will make the servants thankful, too, by giving them a chance to go to the matinee instead of worrying over an elaborate dinner for two. Will you come, Miss Philbrick?"

For a moment Blanche hesitated. It was not that she did not want to go—her soul revolted at the very thought of Thanksgiving dinner in Mr. Castleton's gloomy dining room—but she had not yet accustomed herself to the informality of dinner with a comparatively unknown man without a chaperon.

She knew that chaperons were not considered necessary where girls earned their own living, still it seemed a little daring. But Blaisdell's eager face and Mrs. Castleton's appealing glance decided her. She turned to Blaisdell with a little nod.

"I shall be most happy to accept your invitation," she said, and Mrs. Castleton looked relieved. Thanksgiving and Christmas were her bugbears.

Once in her own room Blanche was amazed at her action. She had been in the city for eight months, and in all that time not once had she accepted any of the numerous offers of entertainment. She liked Blaisdell better than any of the others in the house. There was something fresh and wholesome about him, very different from the assumed sophistication of most of the men. He was past thirty, and a bald patch on the back of his head was already beginning to be in evidence, but he was still a boy at heart and from the first Blanche had been attracted to him.

The dinner was all that Blaisdell had promised. A New England girl who had sought to make her way in the city had persuaded her mother to come on and start a restaurant. Two floors in a good neighborhood were simply fitted up, and much of the New England atmosphere was preserved—except in the prices.

The rooms were crowded today, but Blaisdell had reserved a table, and Blanche thoroughly enjoyed a dinner that was so unlike the fare at the boarding house.

"I come over here very often," explained Blaisdell when at last the coffee and mince and pumpkin pies were served. "It's as near as a bachelor can get to home here in the city."

"It does taste like home," asserted Blanche. "I grow so tired of Mrs. Castleton's weekly routine."

"You will have to come here often then," said Blaisdell promptly. "It would be all the more pleasant for company. It's lonesome eating alone."

"I think it is more dreary to eat with a whole roomful of people with whom you have so little in common," said Blanche, with a sigh.

"It is so much more lonesome in the city with all the people you don't know than in the country where there are so few people whom you do know."

"I don't think that we are cut out for city folk," agreed Blaisdell, with a laugh. "Let's get over to the park for a little walk before the theater."

"You are going to the theater?" asked Blanche.

"We are going to the theater," he corrected. "Surely you do not want to spend the evening in Mrs. Castleton's stuffy parlor?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Blanche. "But you don't know what a treat it will be."

Blaisdell looked as though perhaps he might guess. He knew that she did not go out in the evenings, and he knew what a hall bedroom was like, but he only smiled as he led the way to the cashier's desk.

It was late when they finally stood on the steps of the boarding house and Blanche gave a little sigh of content ment.

"It has been a perfect day," she said. "Instead of a most miserable one. I don't know how to thank you enough."

"I am the one to give thanks," said Blaisdell, with a laugh. "Look here. It's only fair to tell you that I'm going to try my hardest to make you Mrs. Blaisdell before next Thanksgiving. This is not a proposal. It would not be polite to propose to you so soon, but I want you to know that I'm going to do my best to win you before another year passes."

Blanche wondered that her heart should beat so rapidly at the frank speech. She liked Blaisdell the better for his honesty, and for an instant her hand lay over the miscellaneous pile that was inserting the key in the lock.

"It will not be very hard," she whispered. "Have you not enrolled me in the Society For Making People Thankful?"

Reforming Her Vocabulary.

A young woman of Quaker descent according to the New York Sun, is now making an attempt to eliminate from her vocabulary the forms of speech peculiar to that sect.

"All my life," she said, "I have used my 'thees' and 'thous' as my father and mother and my grandfathers and grandmothers did before me. I was so accustomed to those expressions that it never occurred to me that there could be any disadvantage in their peculiarity. But when I went to work in a dry goods store I was disillusioned. I found then that Quaker speech, especially behind the counter, makes a mark of the speaker. In our store I met other clerks with every imaginable kind of a foreign accent, but nobody pays any attention to them. It is only I—poor I—with my Quaker theeing and thouing that catches the ear of the multitude.

"'Why, you use the Quaker dialect, don't you? How funny!' says one person after another, with suddenly aroused interest.

"This curiosity concerning me and my 'dialect' has become very annoying, and I am trying to stick to straight English."

The Pitiless "Fohn."

On a winter's night of 1861 half the town of Glarus, in the Alps, went roaring up in flame to heaven, while the pitiless fohn raged and raged—and mocked at the efforts of salvors summoned from half the cantons of Switzerland, and the glow of the burning town was seen a hundred miles away in the Black forest. The bells were rung for help till the ropes were burned away, and, most grewsome of all, the countless wooden crosses of the churchyard graves furnished almost the last fuel to revive the dying flames. The fohn is a hot south wind—a kind of Swiss khamseen—which was long supposed to originate in the Sahara and to cross the Mediterranean, finding no height to break upon till it came to the St. Gothard, where it was forced through the pass with concentrated violence. What really causes it is still a matter of doubt, but it can do great mischief still and could do more in the days of wooden houses.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Awful Blunder.

Newspaper Office Boy—Oh, there's been an awful time up in the editorial room today! Business Manager—Eh! What's the trouble? Office Boy—The hall porter made a mistake and put the "No Admittance" sign at the subscription office and the "Welcome" doormat in front of the editor's room.—London Tit-Bits.

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A DESERT SANDSTORM.

Experience of a Woman Traveling While Crossing Sahara.

What it means to encounter a sandstorm in the desert of Sahara is described by Mrs. Palmer Thomas: "Few things bring such a sense of utter powerlessness as a desert sandstorm, and I shall never forget my experience of one. The dragoman one day suddenly called our attention to a darkening horizon line. 'See,' he said; 'sandstorm comes. No man will ride in such.' We had barely time to dismount and make the camels kneel in a circle on the sand before the storm was upon us. Each man threw his kaftan over the peaks of his saddle and crouched with in the shelter it afforded and that formed by the animal's body behind him, while I nestled in the hollow formed by my camel's neck and shoulder, drawing the folds of the blanket like stuff tightly over me. The wise beast, knowing what was coming, turned her long neck right round and laid her head on my knees, seeking the protection of my cloak for her eyes against the sand, which, driven by the fury of the wind, struck the face like powdered glass.

"But I looked out upon the scene as long as I could, watching what appeared to be a mass of brown gauze veils streaming up across the sky, darkening the sunlight and gradually blotting out everything from our sight. An icy wind preceded the cloud, increasing in intensity every minute until the sound of its roaring made one's own voice inaudible, while the darkness became that of densest night. And so we sat silent in the noise and the blackness until the hurricane abated. Then, looking out again, I saw the brownish mass of cloud flying before the wind away toward the Nile, some forty miles distant, and the cloudless blue of a March sky in Egypt once more overspread above us.

"But the legs of our beasts were all covered with the sand that had fallen and notwithstanding my sheltered position the sand was lying on my dress and hat and was thick upon us. For some time we watched the brown cloud losing itself in the immensity of the desert, where the whitening bones of animals tell with sad frequency of the overwhelming fury of these sudden tempests; then we mounted and rode away."—Chicago News.

WHALES AS RAMS.

Cases Where These Marine Monsters Have Attacked Vessels.

While cruising in the south seas the whaler Essex on Nov. 20, 1820, was furiously attacked by a cow sperm whale supposed to have been the mother of a calf which had just been harpooned. The whale had not been wounded herself, and her attack was very determined. At her first rush she passed under the Essex and carried away a great length of her false keel. Then coming to the surface a considerable distance away, she appeared to take bearings and deliberately charged the vessel again, ramming her with such violence that she stove in the bows, while the ship rolled so heavily that the captain thought she must be dismasted. The case is memorable because the crew had to abandon the vessel, and one boat was never heard of again.

A more singular instance of a whale attacking a vessel occurred in 1851. The singularity lies in the fact that in the case of the Hanida Isle the attack was entirely unprovoked. This vessel, a brigantine of 200 tons, was on her way to Sydney with a cargo of timber. On Aug. 24 about noon, a couple of sperm whales rose very close to the vessel, and, while the crew watched them swimming across her bows, the pair suddenly sined around and came straight for her. One thought better of it and dived below the Hanida Isle. The other struck her fair and square on the beam, crushing in her timbers. Having rammed the ship in this resolute fashion it sheered off, terribly damaged about the head, and presently sank full first.

Fortunately there were some packages of rawhides on board, and the crew were able to keep the vessel afloat with the pumps until a rough and ready collision mat had been fashioned out of these and drawn over the leak.—Bailey's Magazine.

Women of the Kurds.

As to the way the Kurds treat their women, an Asiatic traveler says: "They neither veil them nor impose upon them heavy manual labor. Their women are well clothed and are free to ride abroad, bully their husbands and express their opinion in public affairs with as loud a voice as any suffragist could desire. To see a woman of sixty upright as a lance and with a good figure is not uncommon, and that, I think, is a sufficiently striking testimony to any one acquainted with the east."

A Practical Letter.

There has recently been an outcry against the deterioration in modern letter writing, but the following epistolary triumph from a tailor has leveled things up.

"I have today issued a writ against you," wrote a tailor whose letter was produced in the Westminster county court, "for the amount of your bill. Trusting for a continuance of your esteemed favor, I remain," etc.—London Globe.

A Business Matter.

She—Here is your engagement ring, Henri. I cannot marry you; I love another. He—What is his name? She—In heaven's name, you won't kill him, will you? He—Oh, no; but I thought I might do a deal with him with this ring.—Sourire.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

When Margie Came to El Rosa.

By Ina Wright Munson.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

The mustard had wedded California plain to plain, binding them with its golden bands, when Margie came to El Rosa.

"You had better go after her, Frank," said her aunt, Mrs. Graham, mistress of El Rosa. "You are the only one of us who can talk with fingers to the poor, afflicted child."

Having nothing to do but idle away my vacation, I very gladly took the ten mile drive from El Rosa, in the hills, to the little board station on the track where I was to meet Margie coming out of the north. As I drove along I reviewed the signs one uses in the deaf and dumb language, glad that I had learned them on a certain other idle vacation.

No child alighted from the long train, but a young, slender woman with hair colored like the fields of mustard through which I had passed. She came directly to me, somewhat timidly, but with no indication of nervousness. She caught up a tiny book fastened to her chatelaine and pencilled rapidly:

"Are you from El Rosa?"

Instantly my fingers went into comission, and the lighting up of her delicate face was well worth seeing.

"I am not a very rapid talker," I said when we were driving toward the hills. "Fortunately the horses were fat and lazy and needed no particular attention, but with practice I shall do better."

"You do beautifully," she flashed back. "I am so glad I do not have to do the writing; it is so slow. I have the proverbial woman's tongue, only multiplied by ten. That's dreadful, isn't it?"

"Terrible! I see my finish," I answered mournfully, or it would have been mournful if my fingers could have shown expression. "I wonder why I thought you were a child. I supposed you would bring your dollie with you."

Mary laughed. "You mean my Teddy bear. Dolls aren't fashionable nowadays. I suppose you thought I was a child by the way auntie talks about me. I get lots of petting everywhere I go, and honestly I like it."

"FRANK—I AM—LIER"

She was very attractive, this silent Margie. Silent is not the word at all either, for she was anything but silent. She was the embodiment of motion, graceful, alluring motion. Her yellow hair blew gently in little rings about her delicate face, in which the color came and went incessantly; her eyes glowed and laughed and changed from gray to almost black with her changing thoughts, her pretty mouth, though denied the power of speech, could smile with a score of meanings, and her fluttering, slender fingers spoke grace itself. By the time we had driven through the mustard fields and wound around the sweet scented hills I was regarding this girl with strange feelings, considering the fact that I was a confirmed celibate, or thought I was.

How Margie loved flowers! The roses which gave the house its name, the phlox, nasturtiums, the red geraniums, which Californians are inclined to dub "common"—she reveled among them like a golden butterfly. But better, I think, did she love the wild things of the hills. When we came in from our horseback rides, fragrance of monardella and southern wood and good medicine" mingled their sweetness and floated from her garments like incense from about some beautiful, golden crowned sun goddess.

We never saw that girl morbid. She was like a spirit from paradise with its brightness still touching her. One day I asked her how she could be so when she had been so cruelly afflicted.

"Nothing can work me damage except myself," she answered. "Some one has said that the harm we sustain we carry about with us and that we are never real sufferers except by our own fault."

"That doesn't prove up. Is it your fault that you are deprived of hearing beautiful words and making them?"

"Perhaps your idea of damage and mine are not quite the same," she spelled, and her eyes were very tender. "I have so much that otherwise I might have missed. I have learned so much. I have learned to be happy whether I am happy or not." Here she laughed. "Oh, that can be done, but, do you know, I have a little private theory that just around the corner there is waiting for me so great a happiness that I won't ever have to pretend any more. It will be so magnificent a happiness that unhappiness will be impossible. It's sure waiting just around the corner."

Another day we sat on the hillside idly watching birds and butterflies and creeping things at our feet.

"Are you going to stay here, as your aunt wishes?" I asked her.

"Oh, no!" The answer came quickly. "In a few days I am going to work. I am to teach in the school for deaf and dumb at Salem."

"Life would be pleasanter for you and safer," I objected.

"What is life," she spelled quaintly, "but what I am thinking of all day? I had best be thinking of helping other people to be happy and useful, not to be just day dreaming. You are going into the world presently yourself."

"That is different. I am a man, and a man's place is in the busy world. You are only a dear little loving child, Margie, and you should be protected. Let me take care of you, Margie, and let me begin now. Will you be my wife, sweetheart? You know how I love you."

Margie shook her head regretfully, but with no show of yielding.

"If I were like other women, Frank, I would put my arms around your neck and say 'yes,' so happily—oh, so happily—but I should be a drawback to you always, boy. In after years you will thank me for hurting you now."

I pleaded, but pleading was no use with Margie. Back of the gentleness was a firmness of will which admitted no weakening. So in a few days Margie went to her work in Salem and I to mine in Los Angeles. She would write to me—she would grant me that consolation.

There came a day long months after El Rosa was only a memory when a northbound train was taking me with maddening slowness to Margie. I was not going as I had always planned that sometimes I should go—with happy thoughts and joyful anticipation. I was going to Margie "seriously hurt; will die."

"That's what the cold print of the morning paper had said, and oh, the precious hours wasted when I did not know! She had been taking her weekly walk from the school to the city when, as she was passing the rock quarry, an explosion had occurred. "Seriously hurt; will die." How the diabolical words burned themselves into my aching eyes as the train crashed on!

After an eternity of misery I found myself at Margie's bed, but before I had reached her I had found the newspaper story was false in that she would not die—she would live! Something else was in the nurse's face to tell me, but I couldn't wait to hear it.

I bent over my darling, and my heart jumped as I saw the joy in her face at sight of me. Even as I noted that, a voice sweet as the gentle spirit of her came to my wondering ears:

"Frank—I am—like—"

The halting tongue was too slow, and the weak, eager fingers took up the sentence.

"I am as other women now, Frank. The explosion hurt me, but see what it did—I can hear you speak, and I can talk, though my hands are still. I told you that some day I should turn a corner."

The little hands were forced to rest. My overpowering joy and the lump I was trying to swallow made me foolish.

"I've been standing around the corner all the time," reproached my silly tongue, "but you wouldn't open your eyes and see me."

She laughed, and her mouth formed a word, "Frank!" Oh, the sweetness of it! Then the little fluttering fingers again.

"You are very conceited, and some day I am going to rumple your hair dreadfully, but just now I want to go to sleep. When I wake up"—

The dear eyes closed, and the smiling nurse beckoned me away till she should wake up.

No Partiality.

The workings of justice as recorded by Major E. C. Johnson in his "Track of the Crescent" were a trifle erratic. An Englishman was traveling in a wild part of Hungary, and anxious to see the institutions of the country he made an application to a town magistrate, asking to hear how justice was conducted.

The magistrate, gorgeous in a magnificent Magyar costume, received him cordially and sent for any case which might be awaiting trial. A gigantic gendarme in an immense cocked hat ushered in a prisoner, a plaintiff and a witness. The prisoner was accused of stealing the plaintiff's goose.

"Well, sir," said the magistrate to the accuser, "what have you to say?"

"Please, your high—mightiness, the prisoner stole my goose."

The magistrate turned to the witness.

"What have you to say?"

"Please, your high mightiness, I saw the prisoner steal the goose."

"Prisoner, what have you to say?"

"Please, your high mightiness, I did not steal the goose."

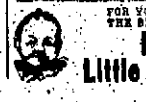
The magistrate then delivered the sentence.

"I give you a fortnight in prison," he said to the accused, "for stealing the goose." To the plaintiff he said, "I give you a fortnight in prison for not looking after your goose," and turning to the witness, "You shall have a fortnight in prison for not minding your own business."

Cute Kid.

"But, Willie," said the bad boy's mother, "didn't your conscience tell you you were doing wrong?"

"Yes'm," replied Willie, "but, you know, you told me not to believe everything I hear."—Houston Post.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50 and $1.00 at Druggists.
FOR YOUNG OR OLD THE BEST PILL SOLD

Rings Little Liver Pills

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

L. K. Hogarth
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines.
Opposite Grange National Bank

Our Ice Cream factory has been improved and is again in operation. For Christmas will have Vanilla, Banana and Chocolate Ice Cream. Plain or in bricks.
New China. Fresh Fine Candies. Best line of Cigars ever seen in Smethport.
Everything in the Druggist line of the best at the right prices.
Hot and Cold Soda.
Call and see us.

L. K. HOGARTH,
Leading Druggist,
Opp. Grange Bank SMETHPORT

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Prop.
We carry a complete and fresh stock of
FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, OATS, MIDDLINGS, Etc.
AGENT FOR
Blatchford's Calf Meal.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at th store you can always find.
Just What You Want.
Al line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cas Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single o double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.
Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at
623 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.
CASNOW & CO.

A. STURDVEINT
I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of
Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc
Your patronage is solicited.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

O. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new-building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE BIG STORE.

GAS STOVES AND RANGES

SNOW SHOVELS AND BROOMS

SLEDS AND SKATES

MEAT AND BUTTER CROCKS

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

CROSS CUT SAWS AND AXES

WOOD CHOPPRR'S MAULS & WEDGES

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 9, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—1908.

—Leap year.

—This week's issue of the MINER is No. 1, Vol. XLV.

—"Miss Petticoats" is coming to the Lyceum, January 17.

—Fry & Comes have a new ad to-day that is of general interest.

—John C. Hamlin has something of interest to say in his advertisement to-day.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman advertises big reductions in prices at her store this week.

—L. T. Davidson of Willow Creek recently killed a bear which weighed 300 pounds.

—What do you want when you buy clothes? Get wise by reading Monheimer's ad.

—Are you reading your own MINER? At one dollar per year in advance it is cheaper to subscribe than borrow.

—Prothonotary Samuel E. Bell has been appointed district deputy grand master for the twenty-second Masonic district.

—The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Friday, Jan. 3, at 3:30 p. m., instead of Saturday, in the M. E. chapel. Do not mistake the date.

—Married at Hazelhurst, Dec. 25, 1907, Miss Sarah L. Evans and Mr. William L. Losh, at the home of Mrs. Janet Rafferty, by the Rev. A. S. M. Hopkins.

—Will the person who sent cash remittance to the MINER by drop letter in Smethport postoffice Monday, this week, kindly send name and address so that proper credit can be given.

—Hon. J. M. McElroy, former Representative of McKean county in the State Legislature, now a successful oil producer, has arrived in town from Robinson, Ill.—Bradford Era.

—The ladies of the M. P. A. of Ormsby will give a leap year dance at Ormsby hall, Friday evening, Jan. 10. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music. Dance tickets, $1.00; supper 25 cents per plate. Committee of arrangements: Mrs. Luke, Mrs. Hazen and Mrs. Forbes. Floor committee: The Misses McAnallen and Mrs. Peterson. All are cordially invited to attend.

—Mrs. A. W. Colegrove is quite ill with grip at her home on East Main street.

—Work was resumed at the Bernoy-Bond bottle factory Monday after a week's vacation.

—An Indian has been locked up in the Ridgway jail charged with the murder of a fellow countryman at Drummond, Elk county, last Saturday night.

—The Kane high school was recently successful in winning a literary contest from the Port Allegany high school. During the year contests will be held among various county schools to find a challenger for the silver cup now held by the Smethport high school.

—Married at Hazelhurst, Dec. 25, 1907, Miss Daisy Holcomb to Mr. Percy Van Sickles. This popular young couple have many friends in Smethport and vicinity who wilkjoin with the MINER in extending best wishes to Mr and Mrs. Van Sickles for a happy and prosperous married life.

—Prof. T. T. Allen, principal of the high school, last week attended the third annual meeting of the high school department of the Pennsylvania State Educational Association. This meeting was held at Harrisburg. He reports an increased interest in this department. ment and a very profitable meeting.

—Mrs. J. S. Chandler, a deserving woman whose home at Babcock was recently destroyed by fire, is endeavoring to support herself and children by selling a religious publication. She is a widow and having lost her home and household goods, merits the patronage of the public in her efforts as a canvasser.—Bradford Era.

—From the Austin Autograph it is learned that Editor Caskey is confined at his home on account of the serious illness of his little daughter, Marjorie, who is suffering with diphtheria—this terrible malady being complicated with measles and other ailments. It is the earnest wish of the MINER that this week's Autograph will contain the announcement that the little one is out of danger.

—Saturday's Bradford Star says: A telegram was received yesterday announcing that the suit instituted by the blowers and gatherers against the Amalgamated Association of Glass Workers has been decided in favor of the former. The suit was for a division of the funds on a pro rata basis and was brought in Cleveland. The blowers and gatherers are withdrawing from the Amalgamated.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in rounded completeness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine nicely adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

—Attention of the patrons of the public schools is called to the fact that a beginners class will be organized on Monday, Feb. 3. All children who become 6 years old before July 1, 1908, will be allowed to begin at that time. These beginners will be given the same careful instruction as if they began in the fall. Miss Gifford will be their teacher. Parents should remember that their children are required by law to be vaccinated. If this is done at once some inconvenience will be avoided.

—Just before noon to-day Mrs. L. J. Gallup fell and broke her arm. Mrs. Gallup is lame from rheumatism, and starting quickly to open the door to answer a call she slipped and threw out a hand to save herself and falling heavily on the hand and arm fractured it badly. Dr. Coloord was called and responded at once and the aged lady was made as comfortable as possible. She is resting as easily as can be expected. Mr. Gallup is at Smethport and does not yet know of the accident.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Mrs. William Bannon of Knapps Creek died suddenly at the Olean hospital Saturday morning. She had not been feeling well for several days and was in Olean on a shopping expedition when she became so seriously ill that she was taken to the hospital. Despite every effort made to relieve her condition death ensued, pneumonia being the direct cause. Mrs. Bannon was 27 years of age. She was a daughter-in-law of Hon. A. F. Bannon of Bradford. The sympathy of many friends is extended to the bereaved husband, who is well known in Smethport.

Farmers Valley Items.

Miss Alice Stull, who has been spending a short vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Stull, has returned to Spotswood, N. J., as an instructor in the school from which she has just graduated.

Rebecca Beckwith has gone to Philadelphia to spend the winter with relatives.

Rodney Roeder has returned to his work as operator at Arwater, Ohio, after a three week's vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roeder.

MARRIAGE IN TIBET.

Courting and Wedding Etiquette in the Forbidden Land.

In A. Henry Savage Landor's account of "The Forbidden Land" we read that among the Shokas, when a young couple consider marriage advisable, the young man, dressed in his best clothes, proceeds to the house of his intended father-in-law, carrying white, grilled grain, dried fruit, sugar candy and other sweetmeats.

If the bridegroom is thought a suitable match, the parents of the girl receive the young man with due consideration and partake heartily of the food and drink proffered by him.

The marriage is there and then arranged, the bridegroom further disbursing to the father a sum of not less than 5 rupees and not more than 100. This is supposed to be the money equivalent to the sum spent by the relatives of the girl in bringing her up.

The marriage ceremony then follows, and this is simplicity itself. A cake called "dolang" is baked, of which the friends of the two families partake. If either the bridegroom or the bride refuses to eat a share of the cake, the marriage is broken off. If they both eat some of the cake and later any discussion arises between them, all those who assisted at the function are called as witnesses that the marriage took place.

Often even this primitive ceremony of eating cake is dispensed with, and Shoka marriages begin and continue as happy and faithful unions without any special form of service or rite to solemnize the tie.

A breach of the seventh commandment is severely visited not only on the guilty man, who is well beaten, but on his parents. The Shoka men proceed en masse to the parental dwelling and completely denude it of all furniture, stores of grain and merchandise.

They confiscate the sheep, goats, yak and all their valuable saddles and loads and present the whole proceeds to the person who has been wronged by the guilty pair as some sort of recompense.

Frequently the unfortunate and innocent relatives of the evildoer are bound and even beaten to death by the villagers.

These severe measures are resorted to to maintain a high standard of morality and honor, and there is little doubt that, primitive as these methods may seem, the good results obtained more than justify them.

An institution which the author speaks of as surprising in a primitive people, but nevertheless, to his way of thinking, eminently sensible and advantageous, is called the Hambang, a place or club where girls and young men meet at night for the sake of better acquaintance prior to entering into matrimony. Each village possesses one or more institutions of this kind, and they are patronized by well to do people, who recognize the institution as a sound basis on which marriage can be arranged.

Hambang houses are either in the village itself or, halfway between one village and the next, the young women of one village thus entering into amicable relations with the young men of the other, and vice versa.

There is nothing so powerful as truth—and often nothing so strange.—Webster.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Quality Cigar, "Druggist" Straight 5.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Arbiter and Arbitrary.

If an arbitrator is chosen to end a dispute, says the London Chronicle, there is no reason to dread that his decision would be arbitrary, though the two words are very near relatives. An arbiter, the Latin word which used to be more common as English than it is now, meant by derivation simply "one who went to" something to examine it, and so at first a spectator or witness. Then in Roman law it assumed the technical sense of an umpire. But a "judicium," the legal decision in a case with regard to a definite sum of money, for instance, was distinguished from an arbitrium, a legal decision as to an uncertain sum which had to be determined; hence arbitrary acquired the sense of uncertain, capricious.

It Was Plain Enough.

A college professor who recently returned with his wife from their honeymoon greatly amused a company of people in his home town, according to the Lewiston Journal, by assuring them, on being questioned concerning their trip, that nobody where they spent their honeymoon suspected that they were bride and groom.

"What kind of a place was it you were in?" the president of the college asked. "An institution for the blind?"

Soft and Light.

A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of her friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired, but the excellence of the sponge cake was especially the subject of remark.

"Oh," exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light! Do tell me where you got the recipe!"

"I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."—Illustrated Bits.

How It Affected Him.

Mrs. Myles—When are you coming to call on us?

Mrs. Styles—Oh, I really don't know!

"But you said you'd come soon and bring your husband?"

"I know I did, and I asked him last night to come over, and he said he'd like ter'dream over it, and, do you know, dear, he had an awful nightmare last night!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Good Nature.

Good nature is worth more than knowledge, more than money, more than honor, to the persons who possess it, and certainly to everybody who dwells with them, in so far as mere happiness is concerned.—H. W. Beecher.

Alone?

Aunt—And have you been all that long way alone? Niece—Yes, auntie. Aunt—Then how is it you went out with an umbrella and came back with a walking stick?—London Punch.

Turkey Once a Side Dish.

Turkeys, mince pies and plum puddings are now regarded as the chief items in the Christmas dinner, but at one time they were mere side dishes in an enormous number of courses.

When Christmas Lasted Weeks.

Our ancestors thought nothing of taking three weeks' holiday at Christmas time.

A Delicate Hint.

Two very cadaverous looking tramps looked in at the window of a railway station where a telegraph operator sat at his key.

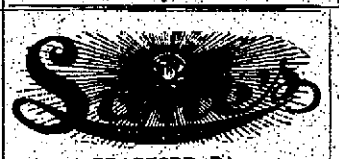
"Say, pardner," one of them said in a very husky voice, "report a couple o' empties goin' east."—Harper's Weekly.

The surest proof of one's endowment of noble qualities is being free from envy.—La Rochefoucauld.

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomach ills. Two days' trial free. Ask our dealer. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Gentleman's smoke, "Druggist" 5c.

Subscribe for the MINER.



BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Uncle Henry's Experience.

"It's all nonsense until a waste of time," said Uncle Henry, "to tell a young man what kind of wife he ought to pick out when he gets ready to marry. Nine times out of ten he has picked her out already, and if he hasn't he doesn't need anybody's help."

"What do you know about it?" he was asked.

"I know something about it by observation," he answered, "and a little by experience. When I had reached the age of twenty-five, with a fair income and good prospects, I thought it was time for me to marry. I had almost decided to ask a certain Naomi Hawthorne, but didn't altogether like the family, and was in an uncertain frame of mind about her, when some of my friends began to take it upon themselves to assist me. They told me that Naomi was the very girl for me; that I couldn't find a better wife if I were to hunt all over the country, and so on. In short, they praised her so highly that I made up my mind I'd follow their advice. I began paying attention to her, and in a few weeks I popped the question."

"Well?"

"Well," said Uncle Henry, with some reluctance, "she said she wouldn't marry me if I was the last man on earth."—Youth's Companion.

The True Bohemian.

The main characteristic of the bohemian is a perfectly consistent carelessness. Phil May was a true type of the bohemian; so was the Shifter, so was O'Shea; Wallis Mackay also but not, perhaps, William, his brilliant brother. The bohemian never works unless he feels in the mood. Money is not his incentive. Fame he laughs at.—Mammon.

Gossip.

"It is a pity that there are so many people who tell falsehoods."

"Yes," answered Miss Capenoe, "but think how much worse it would be if we had to accept all the gossip we hear as positively true."—Washington Star.

Attractive.

Rival—What a color Miss Smythe has tonight. I wonder if she paints. Adorer (turning wistful eyes toward the central figure of an admiring circle)—I don't know. She certainly draws well.

Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter mouths to be kissed.

Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the body by use of

Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic laxative.

This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists and it is saving more doctor's bills than any other medicine has ever saved.

It cures headache, backache, indigestion, constipation and skin diseases.

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

A Dollar Bill Buys $2.70 Worth of SANITOL

Take advantage of the Great Introductory Offer of the

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company

Let us tell you how you can buy ten of these wonderful toilet preparations for $1.00, regular retail price, $2.70.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms:—$1.25 per Year, if not paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 2, 1908.

Announcements.

THE MINER is authorized to announce the name of Frank R. Foster of Smethport as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held in April next.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 30, 1907.

GEORGIA is dry. Yesterday the law prohibiting the sale of liquor in that State went into effect. Marching through Georgia will consequently lose popularity with a large number of tourists.

TWO men in an automobile held up a trolley car near Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday morning and succeeded in relieving the trolley crew of an iron chest containing $2,850 in cash. They made their escape before the police could be summoned. A vigorous search for the robbers is being made.

TO-DAY the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. sends out a statement to its customers to the effect that the currency famine has sufficiently abated to enable them to resume full payment on all items as usual. This is very encouraging, for it not only shows that the money stringency is letting up, but that progressive banks are doing their best to aid the conditions.

CANDIDATES for the various county offices are very numerous, but thus far we have heard of no one who seems disposed to oppose our present members of the legislature for re-election, and they should have no opposition. Messrs. McKean and Hatgood made an excellent record at the last session and their work should be rewarded by returning them without opposition in their own party at least.

As will be seen by referring to the head of these columns, Frank R. Foster of this borough is a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of this county subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Foster has been a resident of this county almost continuously for the past 28 years and has been a resident of Smethport for 23 years in which time he has held several offices of trust with credit to himself and the office. Mr. Foster has always been a loyal Republican and has used his best efforts for the party and its candidates. He has many friends throughout the county who will be pleased to lend him their assistance at the polls.

A VERY elaborate investigation was recently conducted in Paris to determine whether there really are any dangers or germs in kissing. A smooth faced man and a bewhiskered man were employed by a scientific expert and microscopic observations were taken of a young woman's lips that had been kissed intentionally by the men aforesaid, in the cause of science. The result was that some very villainous germs such as might, under congenial conditions, cause serious sickness, were deposited by the man with the beard. The smooth-faced person did not carry so many or such dangerous germs on his lips. Therefore, it is announced that men who have whiskers should not be kissed by ladies, under any circumstances. And men who have cleanly shaven features should be kissed very sparingly.—Bradford Era.

THE sentiment of a vast majority of all the voters of the United States is for the re-election of President Roosevelt, and unquestionably the sentiment of Pennsylvania is for Philander C. Knox with Roosevelt out of the field. Why wouldn't it be the best kind of a plan to instruct our delegates to the Republican National convention for Roosevelt on first ballot and for Mr. Knox afterward. It is well understood that Mr. Roosevelt is not a candidate, but if Pennsylvania would take the lead, it is more than probable that many other States would follow and Roosevelt would be almost unanimously nominated on first ballot. If, in the face of this, he should still refuse to accept the nomination, then Mr. Knox would not only have the unqualified and undivided support of his own State but would be much stronger in the convention with many other States. To-day it is pretty generally understood that Mr. Taft is the President's favorite and this alone gives him a good deal of prestige. But if the old Keystone State would give Mr. Roosevelt and his administration such a hearty endorsement it would be in perfect accord with the wishes of the people and would be conclusive proof that the boom for Mr. Knox is not a selfish one, but a desire to name a President who will carry out the excellent work started by our present President.

THE following remarkable occurrence is related by a recent Chicago dispatch: Dr. Joseph Paesden, 48 years old, one of the most widely known experts on tetanus in the United States, and chief chemist employed at the plant of Nelson, Morris & Co. in the stock yards, died at the Baptist hospital to-night of lockjaw, after hours of intense suffering. Dr. Paesden suffered a fracture of the nose while working in a darkened passage-way in the packing plant a week ago and tetanus developed. While trimming a Christmas tree Christmas eve he was stricken with acute tetanus and realizing his condition, by means of pencil and paper informed his family of his condition and asked to be taken to a hospital. This was done, and he was taken to the Chicago Baptist hospital where he was attended by Drs. J. B. Murphy and Frank Welland. Although unable to express himself other than by signs the stricken man indicated to the medical men around his bedside of his hopeless condition and begged them to end his suffering by a painless death. Dr. Paesden before losing consciousness made his will. Shortly afterwards the physicians who diagnosed his case, held out hope for the sufferer if he lived another day. This was said in the hearing of Dr. Paesden who then signified by signs that there was no hope for him and by signs begged the physicians to end his suffering. His knowledge of tetanus was proven by his death.

If a cough once gets into your system it acts on every muscle and fibre of the body and makes you ache all over. It especially affects the intestines and makes you constipated, so in order to get rid of a cold thoroughly and without delay you should not take anything that will tend to constipate. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts upon the bowels and thereby drives the cold out of the system. It contains no opiates—it is pleasant to take and is highly recommended for children. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale at Palmer's Livery.

2 fairly good second-hand cutters, 1 set delivery sleighs, 1 set surrey bobs, 1 set light sleighs—no body, 1 double and 1 single driving harness. All in good order. A. T. PALMER,
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 19.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison. Antiseptic, healing. For chapped hands, lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

The house and lot at the corner of Green and Union streets. Apply to F. A. McCoy. 46-tf

It depends on the pill you take. De Witt's Little Early Risers are the best pills known for constipation and headache. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Get back of a "Druggist" Straight 5.

CUSTOMERS

Naturally the first customers of a Bank will be its directors and stockholders; when those are interested in and who know the organization have shown their confidence by intrusting their business to it there will be little difficulty in gaining the confidence of the public. But confidence is the first requisite. It is reasonable to expect every stockholder of a Bank to keep in close touch with it and to become a depositor. Theoretically, also, it is reasonable to expect each stockholder and depositor to influence their friends to become customers.

Grange National Bank
of McKean County.

Report of the Condition
—OF—

THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY, OF SMETHPORT, PA., No. 100 MAIN STREET, OF MCKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DEC. 10, 1907.

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 35400 16
Checks and other cash items		2104 03
Due from Banks and Bankers		105028 02
Commercial and other paper purchased		245368 34
Time Loans upon Collateral		228883 02
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		130203 08
Investment securities owned, viz:		
Stocks, Bonds, etc.,	$100500 00	
Mortgages & Judgments,	39465 11	140065 11
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		19551 84
Overdrafts,		105 80
		$877311 00

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$200000 00
Surplus Fund		50000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid		43004 21
Deposits subject to check	$271230 09	
Deposits, special	2 2200 10	553306 19
Treasurers and certified checks outstanding		30740 57
		$877311 00

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss:
COUNTY OF MCKEAN, }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do, solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed,) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 13th day of December, 1907.

(Signed,) HALLIE WALKER, Notary Public.
Notarial Seal.
My commission expires Jan. 28, 1911.

Correct—Attest:
(Signed,) HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
FRED D. GALLUP,
Directors.

51-tf

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $300,000.00
Resources about $900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORBES.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

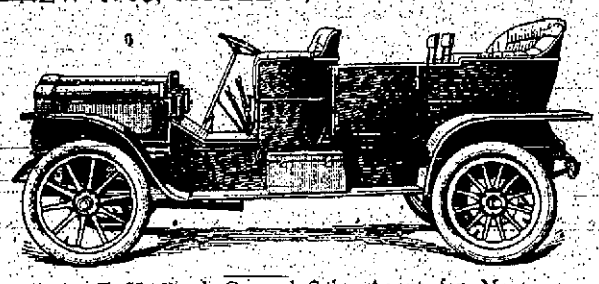
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

A beautiful
ROOSEVELT
1908
CALENDAR
Sent for only 8c to cover actual postage

A beautiful work of art, in colors, large size 16x24.
The calendar is absolutely free

WAVERLY OIL WORKS
Independent Refiners
OIL FOR ALL PURPOSES
Pittsburg, Penn.
BOOKLET SENT FREE

NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR



F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - - Clermont, Pa.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
We Can Please You.

Emperor and Puritan 50c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at
20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove,
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

What do You Know About Mica Canopies

Let me tell you something about them

They will fit any Globe, cost only 10 cents each, save driving nails and hooks in your ceilings to hang Smoke Bells, and will never wear out.

Every one that sees them uses them

LOOK IN MY WINDOW

EDGAR W. STRONG.

BOTH 'PHONES. ROBIN HILL. SMETHPORT

Big Reductions in
Coats and Millinery.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of C. M. Applebee, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of C. M. Applebee, late of Colerille, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

T. R. MOORE, Administrator.
Colerille, Pa., R. F. D. 1. December 19, 1907

Mufflers | New Ties

Our wish to all is
A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Brown Derbies | Rain Coats

PIANOS

And Organs at all prices and terms to suit, direct from the manufacturers.

E. E. Ellison
143 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

Sole Agents for the Famous
Bartlett & Bowers' Blue Ribbon Coffee,
Every pound guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Call and see us.

Andrews & Scull.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS
in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you good for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINK
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa

THE LINDHOLM CO.

WE WISH YOU ALL

A Happy New Year

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

BLANKETS WHIPS

We carry a full line of
HORSE BLANKETS
for both
Stable and Street Wear.
Prices from $1.25 to $5.00.
Rawhide whips with vulcanized coverings.
Will always keep their shape.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 2, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. McCoy, on New Year's morning, a girl.

—E. E. Heath has placed a new safe in his tonsorial parlors and pool room.

—Andrews & Scull have a new advertisement to-day to which your attention is directed.

—Donovan Bell will entertain a party of his young friends at his home on West Main street to-night.

—We are indebted to Senator George W. Williams of Wellsboro for a copy of Smith's Hand Book for 1907.

—Mrs. O. H. Barker, who has been very sick with tonsilitis at Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's home, is some better.

—M. O'Reilly of Keating township, who has been quite ill with tonsilitis, was reported better yesterday.

—Miss Alice Conley pleasantly entertained a number of her friends at her home on Water street Tuesday night.

—The label on your MINER keeps you informed of how your subscription stands. Take advantage of the dollar rate by paying in advance.

—The MINER'S rate for political announcements is $5.00 each, in all cases. Cash must accompany such announcements. This rule will be strictly enforced.

—Some of the stage settings used in the production of "No Mother to Guide Her," at the Lyceum last Thursday night were vividly realistic, faithful attention being given to details.

—The Emporium Independent in closing its account of police court proceedings for the week says: "If there is any class of scoundrels that we have not got, we fail to know the class."

—Miss Ethel Reynolds gave a party to twelve young friends last night at her home on Church street. The house was beautifully decorated in holiday style for the occasion. The guests passed a highly enjoyable evening.

—Bradford is having an epidemic of petty burglaries. A number of business places and dwelling houses in that city have been broken into during the past week, but in all cases the amount of plunder secured was small.

—During the year just closed four Smethport couples celebrated their 50th wedding anniversaries. They were: Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright and Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Richmond.

—Jay Moore was arrested Tuesday night by Constable Jones after a disagreeable trip through the woods in the vicinity of Coleville. The arrest was the result of a complaint on the part of some workmen that Moore had stolen a cross-cut saw. He was given a hearing before Justice Knapp yesterday and in default of $200 bail was placed in the county jail.

—What color is Roosevelt's hair? Not one person in a thousand can tell. It will surprise a good many to know. For eight cents (to cover postage only) the Waverly Oil Works, Pittsburg, will send a handsome Roosevelt 1908 Calendar in natural colors, large size (6x9), showing a perfect likeness of President Roosevelt. We have one at this office and it is a splendid piece of work.

—The dancing party given by the Lemon Club at the Lyceum was largely attended and was a socially successful affair. After midnight the ladies took advantage of their leap year prerogative and made their own choice of partners for the various dances. Delicious refreshments were served. Chadwick's orchestra furnished the music. A number of out-of-town people were in attendance.

—Mrs. Burk Carr was arrested by Chief Mundy on Christmas day for passing a ten dollar bill raised from a one dollar bill. Her husband was arrested a few days before for the same offense. The man was put under one thousand dollars bail and the woman under five hundred and in default of which both are in jail. As this is a government offense, the parties will no doubt be taken to Williamsport for trial, Federal court convening there on the 13th of January.—Emporium Independent.

—The cream-pie contest which came to an end yesterday with the pink compositor as a prize has developed a sensational state of affairs. He has brought the decision down to seven candidates and is unable to make a choice. Just at present he is studying the price of party tickets to Utah and has also been observed gazing with longing eyes upon the map of Persia. The seven lucky contestants have been notified of the startling state of affairs and at this writing the problem is awaiting their solution.

—Tony Pias, aged 23 years, residing at Degolia, died at the Bradford hospital last evening at 6 o'clock from injuries which he sustained about a week before by a fall while at work at the plant of the Minard Run Chemical Co. It is reported that he was engaged with others upon the roof of a building raising a smoke stack when he fell, sustaining internal injuries and a bad scalp wound. The young man was not thought to be seriously hurt at first, but last Tuesday his condition became worse and a surgical operation was performed in the hope of saving his life. The operation was of no avail, however.—Bradford Era.

—Tuesday morning at 10:30 o'clock at Trinity church, Delaware avenue, Buffalo, occurred the marriage of E. Wallace Mullin of this city to Miss Grace Key of that city, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Cameron Davis. The bridal couple was unattended. The guests were limited to only the members of the families of the contracting parties, those from Bradford being Mrs. E. Mullin, mother of the groom, and John Mullin, Esq., a brother of the groom. The newly wedded pair departed, after the ceremony, for a wedding trip which will include points in the West. They will reside in Bradford.—Bradford Era.

Hardly Negotiable.

Stories have been told of buttons, tacks and various extraneous substances found in contribution boxes, but it is seldom that a church member strikes a blow so severe as was that delivered by Amos Budd of Porterville on one occasion.

It was at the close of a missionary sermon that Mr. Budd, whose wont it was to contribute 10 cents to each of the charities to the support of which the church subscribed, was seen to take a blue slip from his pocket and look at it keenly and affectionately.

When after a slight but evident hesitation he dropped the slip, carefully folded, into the box Deacon Lane, who was passing it, could hardly refrain from an exclamation of joy.

"The Lord will bless you, Brother Budd," he said, when the sermon was over, hurrying down the aisle to overtake the prosperous grocer.

"I hope so," returned Mr. Budd dryly, "but I'm afraid you calculate on that being a check that I dropped in the box. It wasn't. 'Twas a receipted bill for kerosene the church owed me last year, and it had been overlooked. Of course it's just the same as money though, when you come to that."—Youth's Companion.

What His Music Bill Meant.

An architect who had planned and superintended the building of a west side residence had turned over the completed house to its owner. The architect had been in nowise hampered in the expenditure of money, yet his customer, being a good business man, gave his personal attention to the details of the cost.

"What does this mean?" he asked on a final inspection of the bills. "Three hundred dollars to a quartet of trained musicians. How can anybody have given a concert already in my house when no one is living there?"

"They were testing the acoustics of the rooms," the architect explained. "Every room in your house has been submitted to that test. There will be plenty of music there later on and I certainly wouldn't want to finish the house without being sure that the sounding properties were satisfactory. In these days every private house or hotel that amounts to anything is put through the acoustic test before it leaves the architect's hands."—New York Sun.

Blind Man's Dreams.

One of the most intelligent inmates of a blind asylum, who came into the world blind, says that he never dreams of the things he has read about and never dreams of any thing or person that he has not in some way come in personal contact with. He dreams of music, of the voices of persons he knows, of such incidents as might happen at the home or in some place in which he has actually been, but never of incidents in other places or in other lands. Even although he has read descriptions of localities, of natural beauties, of the appearance of a street in a city, no idea of what they look like comes to him in the fancies of his sleep. There is a class of blind people who become blind when quite young. Such blind people never dream of any scene or object except those which have remained in the memory from what they actually saw before they became blind.—Pearson's Weekly.

Fish In Inclosed Waters.

Most people not without education and a general knowledge of natural history are mystified by the presence of fish in inclosed waters. For many years there was open mouthed wonder over the perch, bream and crayfish found in the newly cut dams near the Macquarie river, in New South Wales. In some cases the water had scarcely settled after the rain had filled the dam when the fish were observed, and the Australian farmers started a theory of spontaneous production. This obtained and gained wide credence until a Sydney professor chanced to pick up a wild duck and found its breast feathers and webbed feet well dotted with turtle and almost hatched fish ova, on which the "spontaneous production" theory was promptly withdrawn.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble" writes Mrs. Joe King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggists at last induced me to try your 30 days' treatment of Pinoules for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Every body loves our baby, rosy sweet and warm
With kissy places on her neck and dimples on her arms,
Once she was thin and cross, used to cry with pain—
Mother gave her Cascasweet, now she's well again.

When you want the best, get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for little or big cuts, boils or bruises, and is especially recommended for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Photographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Personal Mention.

M. J. Brasted of Kane was a visitor in town Saturday.

Joe Brown visited friends in Mt. Jewett over Sunday.

Register John B. Eastman was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

Miss Bessie Heinemann of Colegrove was in town Saturday.

August Andrus of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town this week.

Miss Rose Spohrer of Niagara Falls is a guest of friends in town.

Ray Stark of Bradford visited his home in town during the week.

Harry Rubin and Miss Stella Rubin were Bradford visitors this week.

Miss Theresa Gviast of Colegrove was a guest of friends in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Digel of Bradford visited relatives in town yesterday.

A. D. Simmons of State Line Mills was transacting business in town Tuesday.

Miss Daisy Hovner of Mt. Jewett visited relatives and friends in town this week.

Mrs. John Green of Olean was a guest of friends in town the latter part of last week.

Wm. Barry of Coleville attended the dancing party at the Lyceum Tuesday night.

Mrs. Luther Johnson of Kane was a guest of friends in town the first part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Jahn of Buffalo were guests of Mr and Mrs. J.C. Backus this week.

Mrs. Lulu Lynn of Buffalo, N. Y., is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan.

Roswell Sartwell of Eldred was in attendance at the Lemon Club's dance Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Cummings were guests of Bradford relatives the latter part of last week.

Miss Blenda Pomeroy and Miss Dolly of Port Allegany were guests of friends in town this week.

Miss Lena Wright has returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. S. A. Powell of Ridgway.

Miss Hallie Walker passed her Christmas vacation at the home of her parents in Wellsville, N. Y.

Misses Ruth Holmes and Zella Brasted returned Tuesday from a few days' visit with friends in Ridgway.

Misses Marjorie and Dorothy Lyons of Coudersport were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Mayo this week.

Miss Edna Keenan has returned to her duties in New York City after visiting with her parents in town.

Mrs. Freeman Chadwick of Smethport is a guest of her sister, Mrs. L. Sheehan.—Ridgway Democrat.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shores and Mr. and Mrs. Enos Carr visited Niagara Falls the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hamlin and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield are visiting in Buffalo.

J. L. Morris of Custer City visited Smethport on a business mission Friday and made this office a welcome visit.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright have returned from a visit to their daughter, Mrs. F. M. D. Watkins of St. Marys.

F. J. Shattuck and daughter, Miss Grace, of Linesville, Pa., were guests of the editor and family a few days this week.

Harry Jolley, who is a student at St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N. Y., visited relatives in town during the week.

Misses Anna and Helen Haley returned to their home in this place after a few days' visit with Mrs. Jerry Healy of Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Strong and son, Harold, have returned from a holiday visit with Mr. Strong's parents in Friendship.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blake of Bradford returned to their home Monday after a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Backus.

Miss Ruth Walker attended the dancing pary given by the Tuesday Whist club at the Lyceum in Bradford last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C.C.Choate have returned from a visit with Mrs. Choate's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Smart of Point Marion, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Grabe of Bradford are visiting at the home of Mrs. Grabe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Haffner of Mechanic street.

Fred J. Masser of Niagara Falls, who is visiting his home in this place, was a social caller at this office Monday. Fred holds the position of head clerk in a large dry goods establishment at Niagara Falls.

Mrs. J. K. Blailock, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. J. E. Chadwick, departed Saturday for New York City, where she will be a guest of friends for a time prior to returning to her home in Chicago.

Fred Purtle went to Johnsonburg Friday where he "joined out" with the Al W. Martin Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. Fred will play with the band connected with that show. The company is headed for the western States.

B. J. McFall, editor of the Eldred Eagle, was in town Friday, and found time to make the MINER office a pleasant call. Mr. McFall will be a candidate for county auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Skirts

FRY & COMES.

SKIRTS & FURS AT REDUCED PRICES

Just now this store offers many a dollar stretching opportunity—Odd lots must be closed out and regular stocks reduced for the annual inventory.

All the offerings are of dependable goods—we don't handle the trashy sorts—prices which made them the best values obtainable have been substantially pared down. It's a chance you can't afford to let go by.

FURS—the entire stock reduced ¼
Regular prices 50c to $20.00 New prices 38c to $15.00

SKIRTS—the entire stock reduced ⅓
Regular prices $4.00 to $15.00 New prices $2.67 to $10.00

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

HUMAN RACE AFFLICTED WITH QUEER DISEASE

Cooper Says Internal Parasites Cause Much Suffering Everywhere.

The following remarkable statement was recently made by L. T. Cooper. It concerns the preparation which has been so widely discussed throughout the country during the past year, and has sold in such enormous quantities in leading cities:

"It is now a well-known fact that wherever I have introduced my New Discovery medicine, hundreds of people have brought internal parasites, or tapeworms, to me. In many cases these people did not know the nature of the parasite, and were consequently extremely nervous until I explained the matter to them. In some cities so many have had this experience that the public generally became alarmed.

"I take this opportunity of explaining what these creatures are, and what I have learned about them in the past.

"Tapeworms are much more common than would be supposed. I venture to say that ten per cent. of all chronic stomach trouble, or what is known as a "rundown" condition, is caused by them. An individual may suffer for years with one of these great parasites and not be aware of it.

"Contrary to general belief, the appetite is not greatly increased—it only becomes irregular. There is a general feeling of faintness, however, and a gnawing sensation in the pit of the stomach.

"People afflicted with one of these parasites are nervous and depressed. Their chief sensation is one of languor, and they tire very easily. Lack of energy and ambition affect the body, and the mind becomes dull and sluggish. The memory declines not so good, and the eyesight is generally poorer.

"The New Discovery, in freeing stomach and bowels of all impurities, seems to be fatal to these great worms, and almost immediately expels them from the system. I wish to assure anyone who has the experience just related with my preparation, that there is no cause for alarm in the matter, and that it will as a rule mean a speedy restoration to good health."

The Cooper medicines are a boon to stomach sufferers. We sell them.
—McCoy's Drug Store.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S.

Don't You?

What do you want for your money when you buy clothes? We think we know. You want style, good fabric, lasting workmanship and—pay no more than elsewhere. DON'T YOU?

Then you want

Pelham Clothing

Value against value, this is the best Clothing made.

Suits or Overcoats,
$7.50 to $22.50

WM. MONHEIMER.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

The Maid of Arts

By W. C. EMPSON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Unbroken blue the sky and sea shifting greens and browns the shore. Along the deserted beach and through the empty streets Autumn swished her rustling skirts with no one to heed her passing—no one, at least, save a solitary man who, having escaped at length from the stern dictates of "the law," had come to Surfside for a few weeks' freedom. Leaning over the fence which skirted the path around the rocky coast, he gazed dreamily out to sea, following the ragged outline of the shore and breathing in the salt of the ocean with the sweetness of the earth beneath him.

Suddenly a fresh cut in the weather worn rail caught his eye. "H. T., W. '04!" Some one beside himself had evidently sought out the shore late in the season. "W.—'04?" he queried. "Wellesley!" He had it! For was not a knife blade broken off half short in the wood, an indisputable evidence of woman's work?

"So," he mused, "I am not to be alone with the 'natives' and nature, after all." He started to move on. Again he was arrested, this time by a small, bright object at his feet. It proved to be a Wellesley class pin.

"Lost it while she was carving her name with that doll's knife, I s'pose," Van Dyke argued to himself, as was his legal habit, fastening the pin meanwhile to his vest beneath his own Harvard pin.

Strolling on, he renewed his acquaintance with one after another of the favorite haunts of his boyhood—"swallow's cave," the rock that boomed like a cannon at high tide and innumerable cozy retreats to be gained by careful climbing over the chaos of big bowlders on the cliffs. He whistled like a boy as he went and sang snatches of the college songs so fresh in his heart. At last, in utter abandonment, he curled up in the lee of an overhanging rock and, soothed by the lull of the waves and the minor whir of the October wind, fell asleep.

He was awakened in a curious manner. Opening his eyes, he found them covered with a soft transparent something that wrinkled when he winked. He raised his hand to remove it and gazed in astonishment upon his sudden acquisition of a woman's handkerchief. A monogram was embroidered in one corner. His logical mind deciphered it in a flash with little expenditure of eye strain.

"Exhibit 'C,'" he murmured, jumping up eagerly. "Now, here's hoping for the lady herself!"

But the most searching scrutiny of rocky "nests" and niches failed to discover her. Indeed, after several days of faithful explorations Van Dyke began to think his lady of the monograms a teasing myth.

Nevertheless he would have continued to hope for her realization if a letter from his sister had not put a cruel end to his romance.

"Dear Richard," it ran, "I have just learned that Helen Tudor, a college friend of mine, is studying at Surfside with her mother. She's a very clever girl; has just written a remarkable thesis on some learned subject and got an A. M. degree. You ought to like her. She's your kind. Be sure to look her up. I've written her you're going to. She's staying at the Sea Cliff."

That dished the whole thing. "His kind," indeed! He abominated a "blue stocking." So he fought shy of the Sea Cliff and ceased to look for "H. T., W. '04" in his daily rambles.

But with the proverbial irony accredited to her Panic Fate as soon as she perceived Richard's back turned upon her bobbed up in front of him most unexpectedly, or, to be strictly accurate, Richard to his own astonishment bobbed up in front of her.

With characteristic alacrity he had taken a handspring over a jutting rock and landed in a secluded niche below. His sudden appearance so frightened the young person curled up in it that she dropped her book into a pool of water.

"I beg your pardon," Richard blurted out. "Let me get it for you." ("It's probably dry enough to be proof against a wetting," was his mental comment.) "I hope it isn't injured in any," he added aloud, handing the water soaked volume to its owner, who, he was surprised to notice, was a dimpled, rosy cheeked young woman with mischievous eyes.

"Goodness, I hope not!" was her emphatic reply. "I couldn't go to sleep tonight if I didn't find out how the story ended."

"Fiction?" queried Richard cautiously.

"Yes, of course. What else does one read on a vacation?"

Now, here was an incongruity to ponder over—he hadn't fancied that "H. T., W., '04," would like fiction. But he would not be misled. "On a vacation," she had said. Doubtless the rest of the year she gave up to more solid literary accomplishments.

Realizing that he was expected to say something, although he had quite forgotten that her last remark had been in the form of a question, Richard braced himself for the ordeal.

"This is my favorite haunt," he announced, unconscious of displaying any air of proprietorship, as he established himself comfortably beside her.

The girl smiled mysteriously.

"Yes; I judged so," she answered simply.

"Why, how did you guess?" asked Richard in surprise. "I've never seen you here before."

"But I've seen you."

He gathered his wits together at this. It made no difference that she was pretty and that she was fond of love stories, like other girls—he knew her real self behind this mask of coquetry. She was really a haughty, overbearing, pedantic person with a string of academic degrees tacked on to her name. He would round up this little matter without any sentimental nonsense.

"Oh, yes," he said in his dignified, legal manner, "you probably refer to the day you dropped your handkerchief on my face. Here it is. I am glad to be able to return it to you. And here is your college pin also. I found it near the fence where you had been carving your initials."

He handed both souvenirs to her with a cold solemnity he had difficulty in convincing himself was genuine.

The girl looked at the pin carefully, glanced up at Richard a moment in perplexity and then burst out laughing.

"Thank you," she said finally, recovering herself. "But why do you imagine the pin belongs to me?"

Richard explained with elaborate pride how he had traced the monogram on the fence, the pin and the handkerchief.

"I cannot be mistaken, Miss Tudor," he finished confidently. "You see, I discovered your identity some time ago. You did carve the initials on the fence, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you did drop the handkerchief over my eyes?"

"It blew out of my hand."

"Same thing. And you are stopping at the Sea Cliff, aren't you?"

"Yes."

Richard made a gesture expressive of the futility of stating further evidence.

The girl made an effort to check her amusement.

"I will take up your points in sequence," she announced, with mock gravity, looking at him with a frankness so charming that he forgot his dislike of her and smiled back indulgently.

"First, I did carve the initials in the fence, but they were the initials of the girl who was with me; second, it was she who lost the pin, and, third, the initials on the handkerchief are not H. T."

"Then you are not Helen Tudor?" exclaimed Richard, with such evident relief that the girl burst out laughing again. "And you don't write clever theses and tack A. M.'s on to your name?"

The girl shook her head.

Richard took up her handkerchief, which was lying in her lap.

"It certainly looks like H. T. to me," he said, examining the monogram closely. "I am not yet convinced."

The girl handed him the water soaked novel, open at the fly leaf.

"To Theodora Harnett," he read aloud.

He took out his pencil and began scribbling beneath the inscription. The girl looked over his shoulder.

"Theodora, I adore you"— That was as far as his foolishness had a chance to go, for in a flash Theodora had snatched the book from his hands and sped like a deer over the rocks.

"Come back tomorrow," he called, "and tell me how the story ends."

And she did—and not only that day, but the next and the next, until the end of their own story, like that in the water soaked novel, came with the asking of a question and an answer short, but sweet.

"But, oh, how near you came to marrying H. T., didn't you, Richard?" laughed Theodora bewitchingly. "Well, she's welcome to all the A. M.'s and other degrees she deserves. I'm happy with just V. D."

"There's one degree that's yours by nature, little 'maid of arts,'" said Richard lovingly. "Cupid must have conferred it on you at your christening. It isn't acquired from books, not even from water soaked novels."

Are You Left Eared?

"Left eared?" said the physician. "Most of you girls are."

"Left eared?" said the young lady from the telephone exchange.

"Yes, left eared. The same as left handed—that is to say, is your left ear better at its work than your right one?"

She did not know, so he tested her, finding, sure enough, that her left ear was a little the acuter of the two.

"It is a natural thing," he said. "You girls use the left ear exclusively all day long in your telephone work, and the right ear has nothing to do; hence the left, like a muscle, develops, the right atrophies."

"Indeed," he ended, "if the telephone comes into much greater use we shall have not merely left eared exchange girls, but we shall become a left eared nation."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Only One.

"At the unveiling of Rodin's bust of Henley in Westminster abbey," said a New York editor, "a number of good stories were told about the great poet.

"H. G. Wells praised Henley's conduct of the New Review. Of course this periodical failed, yet it was undoubtedly the best edited magazine of the last century. In it Henley introduced to the world new writers of such distinction as Joseph Conrad, Kenneth Grahame, W. B. Yeats, Mr. Wells himself and so on. One day as Mr. Wells and Henley stood in the office of the magazine discussing rather sadly its gloomy prospects a funeral went by with slow pace. Henley leaned out of the window and looked at the funeral anxiously. Then he turned to his companion and said, with a worried frown:

"'Can that be our subscriber?'"

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use ManZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

ALL HALLOW EVE.

A Tradition Handed Down From the Ancient Druids.

The observance of Halloween, or All Hallow eve, is a tradition handed down from the earliest Druids, who celebrated their harvest festival on the last day of October. The next day was All Hallows' or All Saints' day and so they called the festival All Hallowe'en.

The gay games of modern times are not much like the solemn rites of the Druids, but a connection may be traced between the supernatural beliefs of the ancients and the burlesque attempts to pry into the mysteries of the future which our own Hallowe'en fun represents.

Long after the time of the Druids simple minded country people continued to believe in charms and witchcraft and especially claimed that on the night of Oct. 31 witches and goblins held revel and fairies danced about in the woods. From these spirits or their manifestations it was believed that the future could be foretold and human destinies discovered. As our celebration of the occasion is merely a whimsical adaptation of all this, there is one thing clear at the outset—to a successful Hallowe'en party the young guests must bring a large stock of imagination, a zest for merriment and an unfailing fund of good humor, for many Hallowe'en tricks result in turning the laugh on one or another, and this must be accepted in a gay, good natured spirit. Old fashioned Hallowe'en parties were held in the kitchen, and where this is practicable it is a good place for many of the games. But all of the rooms used should be decorated with trophies of the harvest. Pumpkins, apples, grain stalks and autumn leaves offer materials for beautiful and effective trimming, and if desired draperies of red and yellow cheesecloth and ornamentations of red and yellow crepe paper may be added. Jack-o'-lanterns are of course a necessity.—Carolyn Wells in St. Nicholas.

THE SCULPTOR TURNED.

His Answer to the Art Critics in Rural France.

At Chalon-in-the-Saone stands the monument executed by Marceau-Vauthier and Berard to commemorate the national defense—a superb cuirassier who carries across his saddle the body of a color bearer who yet clasps in his arms his broken standard.

On the eve of the unveiling the municipal council, presided over by the mayor, repaired to the foot of the statue to examine that work of art ere it should be accepted.

"Are you not going to clean off this green mold?" asked the mayor of the sculptor.

"But, monsieur," replied the sculptor, "that is verdigris."

"Verdigris! Verdigris!" said the mayor. "I understand that very well. Parbleu! I know that this is verdigris, but it is dirty. If I had a kitchen outfit of that color I would have it scoured. That must be cleaned up. You'll have to make that shine."

"But, monsieur"—

At that moment a member of the council having struck the body of the bronze horse with his cane, they all cried out, "This sounds hollow!"

"Your bronze is hollow, monsieur," said the mayor.

The unhappy sculptor then took great pains to explain that all bronze statues were hollow. The mayor maintained an air of defiant incredulity and as he passed around the monument said, "It appears to me you have hardly detailed the hair in the tail."

This was too much for the sculptor. "I wished," he said, "to screw natural hair into his tail like the hair used in children's hobby horses. It would have taken six months to have done so, and I reflected that it would have cost you too much."

And the municipal council of Chalon agreed with the justness of this observation.—Paris Cri.

A Helping Hand.

When the foreign missionary had concluded his talk he made the usual appeal for contributions, however small. Coming up to the platform with several others, a small boy mounted to the level of the lecturer and, hastening toward him, said:

"Please, sir, I was very much interested in your lecture, and—and"—

"Go on, my little man," said the missionary encouragingly. "You want to help in the good work?"

"Not exactly, sir," said the boy. "What I want to know is, have you any foreign stamps you don't want?"—Success Magazine.

An Easy Mark.

Theodore—It's all right, darling, I have met your father and we took to one another at once. He even went so far as to borrow £10 of me. Surely he can't refuse me your hand after that. Edith—Dory, I'm afraid you've made a mess of it. Pa told me about the £10 and said I'd better give you up; that you were too easy going.—London Scraps.

Her Opportunity.

"I've come to give notice, ma'am."

"Indeed?"

"And would yousse give me a good reference, ma'am? I'm going to Mrs. Jones, across the way."

"The best in the world, Maggie. I hate that woman."—Life.

Courage, like cowardice, is undoubtedly contagious, but some persons are not liable to catch it.—George D. Prentice.

About the only thing a man can do without trying is to fail.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Do you have backache occasionally, or "attishes" in the side, and sometimes do you feel all tired out, without ambition and without energy? If so, your kidneys are out of order. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They promptly relieve backache, weak back, inflammation of the bladder and weak kidneys. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

CONQUEST OF THE AIR

Flying Machines Were In Use Long Before the Gas Bag.

HISTORY OF THE BALLOON.

Its Invention Followed the Discovery of Hydrogen by Cavendish in 1767—The First Ascension and the First Victim to the Science.

In view of the recent experiments with the dirigible balloon and the consequent interest taken at the present time in the progress of aeronautics it is surprising to find how completely the early history of this science has been allowed to drift into obscurity.

There appears even to be a widely spread belief that balloons are the primitive means of aerial navigation, while dying machines of various types are a later development. But, whereas the earliest use of balloons, at all events in Europe, can be fixed with tolerable certainty, the origin of mechanical devices for achieving the conquest of the air is lost in the mists of antiquity.

That the legend of Daedalus and his ill fated son had some foundation in fact seems to be shown by the stories of Archytas of Tarentum and his kites four centuries before our era; of Archimedes, the defender of Syracuse; of Simon the Magician, who broke his neck in the Forum, and the Saracen at Constantinople. So we come down to Dante, the mathematician of Perouse, who rose on wings above Lake Trasimene; to Oliver of Malmesbury, the monk; to Bernoulin, Besnier and Lana, and finally to the Marquis de Bacqueville, in the middle of the eighteenth century.

About this time events occurred which practically turned the attention of inventors for a hundred years from flying machines. In 1707, following immediately on the discovery of hydrogen by Cavendish, Dr. Black of Edinburgh pointed out that a vessel filled with this gas would rise in the air, and on June 20, 1782, Professor Tiberius Cavallo read before the British Royal society a paper which proposed the use of hydrogen for aerostats.

Almost simultaneously the brothers Etienne and Joseph Montgolfier, who were paper manufacturers, as a result of reading Priestly's "Experiments Relating to Different Kinds of Air," invented the hot air or fire balloon, and on June 4, 1783, the first Montgolfier ascended at Annonay, Auvergne, France. To commemorate their invention a yearly festival was established, of which the chief feature is the dispatch of a huge Montgolfier.

On Aug. 27 of the same year Professor Charles of Paris seems to have sent up the first balloon filled with hydrogen or "inflammable air," which after traveling fifteen miles was torn to pieces by the superstitious peasantry. In September at Versailles, in the presence of Louis XVI., Joseph Montgolfier sent up a fire balloon carrying a sheep, a cock and a duck, but the first human being to ascend appears to have been the famous Pilatre de Rozier, who on Oct. 15 went up from a garden in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Louis had decided to make the first experiments with criminals, but De Rozier petitioned the king that he might go, asking why so great an honor should be deputed to a criminal.

On Nov. 21 the first voyage was made in a fire balloon by De Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes and lasted twenty minutes. In the same month quite independently James Wilcox, a carpenter, went up over the Schuylkill river, his balloon being made by the scientists Rittenhouse and Hopkins of Philadelphia. In December the brothers Robert traveled from Paris to Nesle, a distance of twenty seven miles, and an ascent was also made in a hydrogen balloon by Robert and Dr. Charles, who suggested the valve and sand ballast.

In the next year, 1784, ballooning had become more popular, and more than fifty voyages were made.

Ballooning now began to excite much attention and soon became a fashionable craze. The first ascent in Great Britain was made by James Tytler from Comely gardens, Edinburgh, his fire balloon descending about half a mile from the start. On Sept. 15 the first ascent in England was made by a Venetian, Vincenzo Lunardi, secretary to the Neapolitan embassy in London. He started in the presence of the Prince of Wales from the royal artillery grounds, Moorfields, and descended in the parish of Standon, near Ware.

De Moret, to whose venture Dr. Johnson subscribed, had tried to anticipate Lunardi, but his balloon fell on the fire and was destroyed by the mob. On Oct. 12 James Sadler accomplished a successful voyage from Oxford to Hartwell, near Aylesbury. In later years his son crossed from Dublin to Holyhead. In the same month—Oct. 16, 1784—Professors Sheldon and Blanchard made an ascent from Chelsea, the latter having had as early as 1782 a "flying boat," in which he had remained some minutes suspended in the air eighty feet above the ground.

On Jan. 7, 1785, the English channel was first crossed by occupants of a balloon, when Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries, an American, traveled from Dover castle cliffs to the forest of Guines, near Calais. Blanchard received a pension of 1,200 livres per annum, and it is said that Marie Antoinette presented him with her card winnings on the night he was introduced. In the same month Crosbie ascended in Ireland. He afterward tried to cross St. George's channel, but fell in the sea, from which he was rescued. On March 23, 1785, Count Zambeccari, an Italian, who was killed in 1812, made his first ascent in England, accompanied by Admiral Sir Edward Vernon, when they traveled from London to Horsham, about thirty-five miles. He had been one of the first to send up a hydrogen balloon toward the end of 1783. In July, 1785, Major Money ascended after falling into the sea, an experience which was also undergone by James Sadler and by Lunardi.

Ascents were also made this year by Windham and Colonel Fitzpatrick. On June 15, 1785, the cause of aerial navigation by balloon claimed its first victims, when Pilatre de Rozier and M. Romaine were killed while trying to rival the feat of Blanchard and Jeffries by crossing the English channel.—Baltimore Sun.

SNAKES AND THEIR PREY.

An Observer Says the Reptiles Do Not Hypnotize Their Victims.

Do snakes hypnotize the birds and animals which they wish to capture and swallow? A correspondent denies this. He had shut up a large number of rattlesnakes and moccasins in a barn and then introduced birds and small mammals into the place for the snakes to seize as they chose. "Within two feet of a coiled rattler a blackbird would alight on the rim of the drinking trough and adjust the defects of his toilet, splashing water in the very face of the reptile that watched him with piercing eyes. Then after repeated sips he would condescend to notice the crawler, that had uncoiled by that time, and would finally hop aside just far enough to avoid a dispute about bathing privileges, but still within easy reach of a strike. Nor had the rattlesnakes or rats anything to do with the dread of immediate danger. They were trying to gnaw out, but in the intervals of such efforts were apt to run straight into the pile of straw that formed the favorite rendezvous of the serpents.

"Indeed, the snakes were in no hurry to abuse that confidence. When they did get ready they scorned hypnotic artifices. A gradual elevation of the head, a noiseless approach, with a short halt in each of the bird that was picking crumbs in his feeding corner, then a slow contraction of coils, a snaplike dart and a leisurely retreat as from a task accomplished. The bird had taken wing, thoroughly alarmed now, and chittered about the wire screen in the desperate hope of finding a loophole of escape.

"In less than thirty seconds the poison began to take effect. The bird clattered to the screen with its head hanging farther and farther back, then relaxed its grip, mingled by one foot for a while and came hopping down on the floor. It was not dead yet, but dazed, looking this way and that and fluttering about in a strange, aimless fashion, and more than once right toward the destroyer, who at last began to manifest an interest in his antics.

"The bird was still on the floor, staggering to and fro, when a sideward collapse marked the beginning of the end. Its foe watched it with lifted head. The chance had come—no risk of a rough and tumble fight now. The ylethu had ceased to flutter, and the old rattler quickly dragged it off to the straw pile. A full hundred experiments repeated this same sequence of maneuvers in all essentials."—Chicago News.

Lindley Murray.

Lindley Murray, the celebrated grammarian, was born in Swatara, Pa., in the year 1745. In 1765, after passing four years in legal studies, he was admitted to the bar and soon afterward married. When the Revolution began he retired to a cottage on Long Island, New York, and spent four years in fishing, boating and fowling. Going to New York in 1779, he entered into commercial speculations under the direction of his father with such success that at the close of the Revolution he was able to retire with a fortune to a beautiful place on the Hudson. Being attacked, however, with a muscular affection, he was induced to search another climate and sailed for England, where he settled near the city of York and died there in 1826. His "English Grammar" was written for the use of a young ladies' school near York in 1795, and its success was immediate and extraordinary. Edition after edition was published in a few years. It was introduced into all the English and American schools and made his name a household word in every country where the English language was spoken. His later years were devoted to the study of botany, and his garden at Holdgate in the variety and rarity of its plants surpassed the royal gardens at Kew.—Argonaut.

A Great Diplomat.

Metternich was a diplomatist of the old school, polished, suave, impenetrable. Nothing ever persuaded him to betray an emotion. When in 1813 he left Napoleon after his last audience, the generals gathered round him to see what impression the interview had made upon his face. "I don't think I satisfied their curiosity," said he, with a characteristic pride in his grave and cunning demeanor. At the same time he looked with a jealous eye upon his craft. He hated what he called "the policy of egoism, the policy of good pleasure." In his view the rival states were all members of human society, of which reciprocal forbearance was the first duty. "Do not unto others," said he, "that which you would not have others do to you." An inflexible bureaucrat, he preserved his principles inviolate, and thus he was able to look back upon a singularly uniform career. He adopted for his device "In force dans le droit," and he was certain that the right was always on his side.—Charles Whibley in Blackwood's.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mothers should keep it on hand for children. It is prompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is a simple remedy that gives immediate relief, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.65 IN ADVANCE

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

COUNTY AND BOROUGH.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Bigne ... mahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. F. Babcock, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—V. E. Ball, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. R. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffith, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. F. Doyle, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—H. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Boyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagburg, G. H. Denning, F. L. Shorburne, E. E. Smith; H. H. Sauve.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 318, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANDFORD L. FAY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 484, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 437, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

E. E. HOWARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month, at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. E. WILCOX, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

J. C. GALLUP, Recorder. Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

F. B. FOSTER, R. K. W. H. MORRISON, Com.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KLINGEN, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch, 23, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BARR, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 45, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. E. M. MOONEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

First Baptist Church.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

What the New Year Brought Him

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1908, by Frank H. Sweet.

BRAYTON, owner, stepped from the dingy little room at the end of the long black building, dubbed office, and walked briskly to the door of the foundry division. He had come down from the city that morning and was going back by the afternoon train. He took out his watch.

"Longmore," he called. "Mr. Longmore!"

A strongly built young man emerged from the grimy interior. Brayton looked at him speculatively.

"You will have this lot out by 4 o'clock, Longmore; I think you said?" he interrogated.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you may draw the fires then and have the men begin clearing up. I shall not be down again."

In spite of its mask of iron black Longmore's face expressed incredulous surprise.

"You don't mean close the furnace, sir?"

"I mean just that," calmly. "I have been experimenting two years and losing money right along. The ore is too poor in quality for profitable working. I shall be sorry to lose your services, but all my other furnaces are fully supplied with managers and foremen. Of course," thoughtfully, "if you should care to commence again as an ordinary workman, we might"—

"I do not wish to leave here," broke in Longmore impetuously, "and, if you'll excuse me, I think you are making a big mistake in closing the furnace. It will pay well in time. My experiments"—

"Yes, things have improved since you took charge," interrupted Brayton, "but you have not been able to offset the loss." He took a letter from his pocket, which he handed and passed to Longmore. It read:

T. H. Brayton:

Dear Sir—We shall have to make a heavy reduction in price of coal for your Brand Furnace output. Though better than previous shipments, it is very poor, and much inferior to what we are getting elsewhere. We even from your other furnaces. This fuel we have been able to use in limited quantities in certain kinds of work, but new processes are being introduced there in my furnaces which improve the quality of the output, and of course we must use the best procurable in order to meet competition. We are sorry, but as friends we would advise the closing of Brand's furnace.

"Your agents are mistaken about the quality of our ore," Longmore said firmly as he passed the letter back. "We have a published record here of the output of other furnaces, and twelve—yes, six—months ago the average quality was no better than Brand's. You must remember that I have had charge only three months and that I had all the real practical work to demonstrate from my theoretical knowledge. In six months we can have Brand's furnace yielding as good quality as the average. If you will let me have six months—or even three—I feel sure that I can prove to you that I am right."

"THOSE WILLING TO WORK FOR ME MAY STEP FORWARD."

Brayton shook his head. "I can understand your enthusiasm, Longmore," he answered. "I was that way at your age, but iron is a plain, hard, practical business, and this is your first command, so to speak." He looked at his watch once more. "Twenty minutes to train time. Suppose we walk back to the office and wait until we hear the whistle. Of course I shall try to sell, but frankly I do not expect to find either customers or lessees. I would be glad to lease for a nominal sum, though, just to have somebody here; but, of course, no one would care to operate the furnace at a loss."

"If I could"—began Longmore. Then he stopped abruptly. He was going to say if he could raise the money, but he could not, so what was the use of thinking about it? He added instead, "If I could have charge here, there would be a profit inside of three months."

Brayton's eyes twinkled, and an odd look came into them.

"You'd like to take the plant yourself if you had the money," he said abruptly. "How much would you require to coop the furnace on to what you believe would be expense making? If I let you $10,000, would it be sufficient?"

Longmore got on his feet, his eyes wide and looking grotesque in their rims of iron black.

"You don't mean this, Mr. Brayton," he gasped. "I have no means, no security, not even my college expenses paid yet. Then there's"—

"I've seen your work," coolly, "and am ready to lend you the money until the 1st of January. Unless you bring the output to a profit by that time however, I will try to sell. Do you want it?"

"Of course, if you're willing though"—

"There's the train whistle," interrupted Brayton, rising from his chair and starting toward the door. "You may draw on me for the money as you need it up to $10,000, no more. Ander," as the train curved in sight around a hill and slowed toward the platform, "remember our compact. There's to be no correspondence what ever between you and Helen until you are fully able to support a wife."

Longmore watched him board the train with conflicting emotions, then went back to the office.

First he wrote to Mr. Brayton offering him one-half of the profits after he had brought the furnace to a paying basis, in the meantime incurring all expenses of running work and improvements himself. That done, he called the men and made them acquainted with the change.

"Mr. Brayton had arranged for you to leave Saturday night," he said, "and to stop work altogether. However, I am going to run the furnace myself awhile experimentally, but will close the foundry. I shall require only fifty men, but they must be willing to work hard and accept long hours. We will begin at daylight instead of at 7, as we have been doing, and will have one hour for the noon meal and rest and then work until dark. But I will pay you $3 instead of the $2 you have been receiving. It will be hard work of course, but I will ask no one to work any harder than I do myself and I will add that I do not want any except trustworthy men who will do as well by me when I am absent as when I am with them. Those who feel they can meet these conditions and are willing to work for me may step forward."

Several of the more energetic men were talking among themselves Longmore's eyes swept over them and over the rest of the group, singling out a face here and there that he thought looked promising. Presently he went among them, with a few earnest, persuasive words here and there and in the end he hired fifty men who promised to work as he desired.

Monday morning he and two of the men descended into the furnace to make some changes. When they came out Longmore went to the mine to see how the work of getting out ore was progressing.

As he approached the mouth of the mine he listened for the sounds of work, but could only hear the regular strokes of a single pick. Then as he turned a spur he saw the reason. Three of the men were lying on the ground in front of the opening, apparently asleep; two were tossing pebbles at each other, and the rest were lying about in various attitudes of ease.

"Got the fireman lost-along?" asked a stalwart young fellow as he rose, yawning.

"Yes. Why are you not at work?"

"Got tired an' thought we'd rest a spell. 'Sides, one of the men 'lowed there wa'n't much show for our gettin' paid an' that ye had only what ye'd earned as boss. I s'pose it's all right, though," lazily, "an' if ye say 'tis we'll start in ag'in after we've a spell."

"Yes," quietly, "the money part is all right. Who is that working in the mine?"

"Billy Brooks," contemptuously. "That man 'll wear out an' drop down dead 'fore he knows, an' nobody 'll be to blame 'cept himself an' maybe the man who drives him on to such work. The fellow's a crank an' don't know any more'n to do jest what he's told an'"—

But Longmore had passed on.

Ten minutes later he came back. The men were stretching themselves preparatory to resuming work.

"Now you can come to the office and get your pay," he said briskly. "There will be less than half a day coming to you, for Brooks says you rested two hours or more this forenoon and that you have been here about two hours now. I shall pay you for just the time you work."

"Oh, we don't want any pay yet if it's all right," answered the young man sullenly. "But it's been three quarters of a day. Folks have to rest an' if Billy Brooks don't look out he'll"—

"Stop right there," requested Longmore, with a sudden ring in his voice. "Mr. Brooks will be your foreman after this, in my absence, and will keep an exact account of the time you work."

"I reckon," angrily, "Billy Brooks! Why, he don't know any more about minin' than I do. I'd make a better foreman any day."

"Perhaps, but Mr. Brooks seems to have been the only man faithful to my interests so far, and he will be my foreman, with an advance in wages. Now you may come and get your money, or you can go back to work, just as you choose."

He went on toward the office without again looking toward them. The men hesitated a moment; then three of them followed him. The rest returned to the mine. After that there was little trouble with them so long as they were not left by themselves.

The next few days he passed for the most part at the mouth of the furnace, helping and overlooking the ore as it was poured in, but in spite of his care and watchfulness the result was not satisfactory, and the newly made pig iron was carried round and cast back into the furnace to be once more melted. Again and again was this done, and, though the results were often improvements on the preceding ones, they were not what he hoped and [illegible] for.

He [illegible] and experimented, the [illegible]ital growing smaller and smaller until at last he began to discharge the more shiftless of the men. At the end of November his working force had dwindled to ten men and himself and his money to less than $100. During the last few weeks but little time had been given to sleep. Through the day he worked with the men—silent, watchful, untiring—and most of the nights were given to study and the devising of new experiments. Something was lacking, some little point which he had missed. Perhaps it was in the ore, perhaps in the furnace, possibly somewhere else, only he had missed it, and yet the secret was hovering at his very finger tips; he was sure of that.

The ten men remaining to him were the pick of the neighborhood, in whom he was every day growing to repose more confidence. They were all hard working and tried to meet his wishes, and in a way they were beginning to understand that he was passing through a crisis of his life. One evening *after an unusually hard day*, as Longmore almost staggered toward his office, Brooks followed him, laying a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"THEY'RE THE FINEST I EVER SAW."

"Look here, Mr. Longmore," he said anxiously, "you just leave that office alone tonight an' go into your room to bed. You're cumin' yourself out. An'—an'," hesitating a little, "if you don't mind, me an' the men have been talkin' about you some lately. We've been workin' pretty stiddy an' ain't a bit hard up now, so if it'll be any easier on you might let our pay lie over a month or two. We don't mind, an'"—

Longmore swung round and grasped his hand.

"Thank you for this, Mr. Brooks," he exclaimed, his eyes moistening. "You don't know how I appreciate it just now. Tell the men so. But I shall not take advantage of your friendship. It has been something of a strain with me lately, I don't mind admitting that, but another day or two will decide the matter one way or the other. I was up all last night, working and thinking, and am going to make one last trial, a bolder one. I sent my last $50 away this morning, and the things will be here on the train tomorrow morning. The next day will decide whether we keep on or close and whether—But good night. Be on hand at daybreak. I shall work in the office tonight, but after this will sleep."

The next morning he was on the little platform when the train came and took his package straight to the office. Soon after he went to the mouth of the furnace, where the men were throwing in ore, the package under his arm. All day he worked there with them, feverishly, but the next day when he went below to watch the result, when the molten iron was released, he was calm.

But as he watched a strange light began to glow in his eyes. As soon as the bars were sufficiently cool he took several of them to the station platform, addressing them to Mr. Brayton. Then he went to the office and wrote a long letter, and it lacked but two days of the year's end.

The 1st of January the letter was answered by Brayton in person. His face seemed unusually excited as he swung to the platform even before the train stopped.

"Are those bars fair samples?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well, well! I'd never have believed it—never in—this world. They're the finest I ever saw, and mean a fortune. But I can't accept your proposition, Longmore, to take over the plant with you again as foreman. No, no! We'll run it half and half, my capital against your discovery and services. And we'll increase the capacity and the working force to 300 men. You'll want a superintendent now, Longmore, and foremen for the different departments. You'd better hire them at once."

"They're already at hand, sir, men on whom I can depend and who will make our interests their own."

"Good! That's the kind we want. Now let's go to the office and consider plans for the increase. Why," explosively, "it's a fortune and the most unbelievable thing I ever heard of. Then we'll run up home and see Helen. She'll be glad, and—er—I won't say another word."

To stop that pain in the back, that stiffness of the joints and muscles, take Pineules. They are guaranteed. Don't suffer from rheumatism, backache, kidney trouble, when you get 30 days' treatment for $1.00. A single dose at bedtime proves their merit. Get them today. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

BUYING A SAW.

Find Out the Kind You Want Before You Go to Purchase.

When the man in the golf cap started downstairs his wife ran to the door and called him back.

"Harry," she said, "I want you to go into a hardware store today and get a saw. Don't forget it, please. We need one badly."

Being an accommodating person, the man in the golf cap said he would not forget it. He chose the luncheon hour as the most opportune time for making his simple purchase. He was in a good humor, and he smiled blandly when he went bustling into the store and said:

"I want a saw, please."

"What kind of a saw?" asked the clerk.

"Why," said the prospective purchaser, "I don't know; just a saw. Any kind will do, I presume."

The clerk sighed. "If you only knew what you want to use it for, perhaps I could advise you," he suggested.

"What I want to use it for?" echoed the man in the golf cap. "Why, I want to saw, of course—that is, my folks do."

"Saw what?" asked the clerk.

"I don't know," admitted the nonplussed shopper.

The clerk led the way to the rear of the store. "I will show you a few of the different varieties of saws we have on hand," he said. "Observation and explanation of their uses and prices may assist you in making a decision. Here is a metal saw. It is made of highly tempered steel and will saw iron, copper, lead and all manner of metals. Is that the kind you want?"

The man in the golf cap was sorely perplexed. "No," he said. "I don't think so. We have no metals at our house to work on that I know of."

"Perhaps you would like a meat saw?" suggested the clerk. "But you are not a butcher."

"Heaven be praised, no!" said the man who wanted a saw.

"Here is a regular kitchen saw for general utility purposes. It will cost you only 50 cents. How does that strike you? No? Then here is the cabinetmaker's saw. Then I have here the plumber's saws, the fine delicate saws used by all manner of artificers and the ordinary wood saws, which will cost you anywhere from 50 cents to $1. In that back room we have still other varieties of saws—the two man ten foot saws, buzz saws and circular saws. If you want to pay a big price you had better take one of the circular saws. I'll give you a good one for $500. Would you like to see them?"

The man in the golf cap looked about him uncertainly.

"No, thank you," he said. "I guess I won't take any till I find out just what kind I want."

"I regret being unable to make a sale," said the clerk affably, "but I really think that the best plan."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Richter's Conducting.

Countless are the stories told of the geniality of Dr. Hans Richter. Once while rehearsing a Mozart symphony in which the first violins had a number of delicate trills and turns to perform these were played too heavily for Richter, who said, "Please, gentlemen, plainsland. Queen Mab, not sullen gettes." Again when on one occasion Richter was not thoroughly satisfied with the orchestral rendering of a scene from "Tristan und Isolde" he stopped the rehearsal and asked for more dignity in the playing, adding that Isolde was the daughter of a king not of a cook. On another occasion while rehearsing Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" music the violoncellos have a very passionate melody to play. Richter was by no means satisfied that the needful warmth of expression had been obtained. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, "you all play like married men, not like lovers."—London Tit-Bits.

Girls' Names.

In the eighteenth century girls were christened Sophia and Caroline. In the early nineteenth Emma and Jane, a little later Laura and Clara. Then came a crop of Dorothys and Marjories, who are now all calling their own babies in a reaction against the "quaint") Elizabeth. The names of men suffer to such emphatic fashions, and yet it is a pleasure to note that there are certainly no more young men called Alf and Gus, as were the young men who walked with the crinoline in the days of Leech. Good is the sound of John through all changes.—London Chronicle.

A Trick With Numbers.

Choose any four consecutive numbers, as 50, 51, 52 and 53. Multiply them together, and the product may be divided by 24. This will be found to hold true for any four consecutive numbers we may choose unless one of the numbers is 24 or a multiple of 24, such as 48, 72, 96, etc. In the same way any five consecutive numbers multiplied together may be divided by 120 unless one of the numbers is 120 or a multiple of 120.—St. Louis Republic.

The First Golf Links.

The orthodox number of eighteen holes, it seems, was fixed by pure chance. There were originally twenty-two holes on St. Andrews links, and so it continued till 1764, when the first four holes were converted into two. Thenceforward every full course has been laid out to correspond with alma mater.—London Saturday Review.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and surely shot at awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces.—Emerson.

Captain Kidd's Two Loves.

By Carl Williams.

Copyright, 1907, by N. L. Daley.

Captain Kidd gave a sigh that shook his three feet four inches of stature and looked up at Juliet. Juliet, the elephant idol of circus goers, responded with a sympathetic pat that very nearly took the diminutive captain off his feet.

"It's too bad, Juliet," he said softly. "If Gretchen were here now to enjoy this, how happy we should be!" The captain's glance roamed over the gay crowd. It was the day of the children's parade at a seaside resort, and the throng of miniature men and women in their finery reminded Captain Kidd more than ever of his own tiny Gretchen. Tears stole down his furrowed cheeks, and Juliet in dumb sympathy placed her trunk caressingly around the captain's neck.

Perhaps she knew of what he was thinking. Perhaps it was only the instinct of a dumb brute, but the captain was comforted by her caress. For fifteen years he and Juliet had traveled through the world together, and there had sprung up between them a love that until the appearance of Gretchen had been full and complete. Juliet still lavished upon her trainer the wealth of her elephantine love, but the captain had divided his heart between the elephant and the dainty little woman whom he met in Paris just before he had sailed for America.

When the showman who paid him his salary had ordered him to go to the strange land, he had begged Gretchen to accompany him. She had been willing enough, but the director of the troupe of Lilliputians would not give his consent to losing one of his most valuable little players. He had lifted Gretchen from her mother.

When the vessel had parted in the big arena in Paris she had promised to always be true to him and had hinted that perhaps she might manage to come to him some time. He had given her his address, written on a scrap of programme, and the short, misspelled letters she had sent were tucked into the pocket of the gay uniform coat and proved a solace to him in the long nights when he lay in Juliet's stall studying them out by the aid of a lantern. Exhibition midgets get little schooling, and the captain did not realize his ignorance's shortcomings since his own education was even more sadly neglected than hers. He cared nothing except that each tiny missive reiterated the "Ich lieb dich," which bore comfort to his heart and gave him courage to face a strange land. He was at least more fortunate than Gretchen, because he had Juliet, the faithful.

JULIET HAD CAUGHT HER AROUND THE WAIST.

His love for Juliet antedated his love for Gretchen. Fifteen years he had played in the troupe with Gretchen; there had been a long stay in Paris, and he had grown attached to Juliet, the largest elephant of the herd. The proprietor, quick to see his opportunity, had shown the midget how to put the great beast through her few simple tricks.

Since then the captain and Juliet had not been separated for a single day. When they traveled by rail he slept in the car. On board ship or on land he slept in her stall. The elephant quarters were far sweeter and cleaner than some of the boarding houses at which he had been lodged, and the captain hated to be parted from Juliet even for a moment.

Thus there had grown up between them a love almost human in its intensity. The owner of the menagerie had finally permitted the captain to purchase the elephant out of his slender earnings and the tips he had received.

The captain had several hundred dollars saved up, but not enough to purchase Gretchen's release from her contract. In time he could manage to save up enough, so he tried to be content.

But here at the beach the sight of the children in their fancy dresses put him strongly in mind of the little troupe of which Gretchen was the star. The captain grieved and Juliet grieved in sympathy.

The two of them had come down from New York that morning to take part in a circus in the evening which was to close the day's festivities. It had been a long, tiring trip, and the captain felt depressed. Even the worn letters in his pocket failed to bring him comfort, and, though Juliet caressed him with her trunk, her efforts were of no avail, and the captain regarded the crowd of pleasure seekers through tear blinded eyes.

Then the manager of the entertainment came blustering up with the warning that the parade was ready to start. Juliet swung the captain up to her neck, and under the direction of his hook she moved off with stately tread to take her place at the head of the line.

As the great mass paced along between the lines of eager spectators the captain no longer watched the crowd. His thoughts were far away across the water with the little maidchen.

Juliet proudly led the way, enjoying the surprise she excited and glad of the opportunity to parade. She did not need guidance when the way was so plainly marked, and, rejoicing in the fact that the children along the line were generous with their peanuts and candy, she kept a watchful eye on the crowd.

A cry of terror roused the captain from his day dreaming. Juliet was excitedly trying to force her way through the crowd, which broke and scattered before her. Captain used the hook on ears and trunk; but, though Juliet trumpeted shrilly in her pain, she obeyed neither hook nor voice. A dozen alert policemen sought to break her charge, but they hastily dodged aside at her approach. Then a cry of horror ran through the crowd.

A little girl, evidently one of the paraders on her way to the start, stood directly in the elephant's path. One of the policemen sprang to her rescue, but before he could reach her Juliet had caught her around the waist and had lifted her high in the air.

Strong men turned aside that they might not see the child dashed to earth again, while others stood fascinated by the sight. But instead of injuring the child Juliet swung her lightly back to the captain, who caught her in his arms with a cry of joy. Juliet then swung her huge bulk and docilely returned to the parade with the captain still holding Gretchen with one arm, while with the other he patted the trunk that was held up for a sugary reward.

"My Impresario died," Gretchen was explaining. "I run away and came over in the big ship, as we had planned. At the place where I sent your letters they told me you were here. I could not wait for your return, so I came, and Juliet saw me. I was looking for you. I knew you would be in the parade."

Captain Kidd slipped another lump of sugar to the insistent trunk.

"It frightened the people much," he said with a little laugh. "But I am glad that Juliet found you. Now I have my two loves, and we three shall live together always. A man came to me the other day and said that in vaudeville we can get much more than the $50 they pay me now. We shall be rich and very happy, my Gretchen."

"With you and Juliet," said the little woman, as she patted the upraised trunk. "I am sorry the children were frightened, but I could not wait another minute, my Wilhelm."

"No," he answered simply, adding with true showman's instinct, "it will be good for the business. It has made people talk, and they will want to see the three lovers."

Riding the South Sea Surf.

"I shall never forget the first big wave I caught out there in the deep water. I saw it coming, turned my back on it and paddled for dear life. Faster and faster my board went, until it seemed my arms would drop off. What was happening behind me I could not tell. One cannot look behind and paddle the windmill stroke. I heard the crest of the wave hissing and churning, and then my board was lifted and flung forward. I scarcely knew what happened the first half minute. Though I kept my eyes open, I could not see anything, for I was buried in the rushing white of the crest. But I did not mind. I was chiefly conscious of ecstatic bliss at having caught the wave. At the end of the half minute, however, I began to see things and to breathe. I saw that three feet of the nose of my board was clear out of water and riding on the air. I shifted my weight forward and made the nose come down. Then I lay, quite at rest in the midst of the wild movement, and watched the shore and the bathers on the beach grow distinct. I didn't cover quite a quarter of a mile on flat wave, because to prevent the board from diving I shifted my weight back, but shifted it too far and fell down the rear slope of the wave."—Jack London in Woman's Home Companion.

How to Snub Bores.

A friend of mine returned the other day from an American tour and told me that he received a severe rebuke out of the mouth of a babe which cured him of expatiating on his experiences. He lunched with his brother soon after his return and was holding forth with a consciousness of brilliant descriptive emphasis when his eldest nephew, aged eight, toward the end of the meal laid down his spoon and fork and said piteously to his mother: "Mummy, I must talk. It does make me so tired to hear uncle going on like that." A still more effective rebuke was administered by a clever lady of my acquaintance to a cousin of hers, a young lady who had just returned from India and was very full of her experiences. The cousin had devoted herself during breakfast to giving a lively description of social life in India and was preparing to spend the morning in continuing her lecture when the elder lady slipped out of the room and returned with some sermon paper, a blotting book and a pen. "Maud," she said, "this is too good to be lost. You must write it all down, every word." The lesson was not thrown away.—Putnam's Magazine.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the News

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP
Mothers endorse it — Children like it — Tastes so good
E. C. DeWITT & CO. CHICAGO
Nearly all other cough cures are constipating, especially those containing Opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels, contains no Opiates.

Her Sealskin.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

No one ever accused Mrs. Stone of being unduly sympathetic. Ten years' experience with a brutal husband and ten subsequent years of buffeting with the world had deprived her of that sentimental quality, if indeed she had ever possessed it. She was admirably fitted to be what she was—head of the Associated Charities of a large city. Impostors who came fawning down the corridor dreaded this sharp eyed thin lipped woman. What an expert cross examiner the years of insight and unbelief had made her! How difficult it was to have the telltale bottle or cover up the telltale odor when she descended on their abodes!

She had driven away half the mendicants in town. The worthy ones whom she had made comfortable at home—they even were not grateful; they missed the noise and excitement of the street. But Mrs. Stone was obdurate. If the police would not enforce the begging ordinance, she would. If the really needy ones would stay at home she would see that they were provided for; if they infested the street, not a penny should they have from her, and she would see that they were arrested into the bargain. So the blind lavender men took to woodcarving, and they all grumbled and were very unhappy.

One morning a woman in a bedraggled black gown and a veil with a hole that came just over the tip of her nose made her way into Mrs. Stone's office. Mrs. Stone knew the type—husband, a laboring man, just dead; from three to six young children, not one of earning age.

"Be seated," said Mrs. Stone brusquely, but not unkindly, and her limp guest perched uncomfortably on the edge of the only chair which was so located that every ray of cold gray light searched out the lines in the visitor's face. "What can I do for you?"

"I want work," said the woman.

"What kind?"

"Any kind of work by the day."

"Can you clean?"

"Yes."

"Wash well?"

"Pretty well."

"Cook?"

"Some—plain things."

"I'm—cleaning would be best for you."

Mrs. Stone noted these details in a book, together with age, name, address, nativity, and then came down to more interesting details.

"How long have you lived here?"

"A week."

Mrs. Stone raised her eyebrows.

"Where did you come from?"

The woman mentioned a nearby town.

"Why did you leave there?"

"My husband died."

"How long ago?"

"About three weeks."

"How many children have you?"

"Five."

"Ages, please."

"The oldest is ten."

"Husband leave you anything?"

The woman hesitated.

"Yes, a little," she said finally.

"How much?"

"Well, the society buried him and paid the doctor, and I had a little left."

"How much?" came the remorseless question.

"About $300."

"You have that?"

"No, ma'am."

"What did you do with it?"

"I bought something."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Stone's pencil was suspended in the air. "What?"

"A sealskin sack."

"A what?" Mrs. Stone almost shouted.

The woman cast down her eyes. "A sealskin sack," she repeated almost inaudibly.

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Stone said aloud. "A charwoman with a new $300 sealskin!" she added to herself.

"When do you propose to wear it," she went on to inquire—"to your work in the morning?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," continued the woman, taking the question seriously. "I wouldn't wear it every day. On Sundays I'll wear it sometimes, if it's not too sunny and doesn't rain. They say rain doesn't hurt 'em, but I wouldn't take the chances—and sun fades 'em."

"What good is it to do you, then?"

"Oh, I take it out of its bag and stroke it morning and night and between whiles when I have time. There isn't much danger of its being stolen. No one would suspect such a thing in a place like ours, and I'd thrash a child within an inch of its life who dared tell of it. Fire's the worst—I do dread fire. I wish I could insure it."

Mrs. Stone was facing one of the problems of her career.

"I don't understand it at all," she said, "why you should have spent your entire capital so wastefully and so uselessly? You have nothing to wear with the thing, and you come to a charitable association to get work for you."

"I'll tell you," said the woman eagerly, her face lighting up. "I had wanted a sealskin all my life. I was a factory girl, and on my way home at night I used to stop before the fur shops and look in—all those lovely capes and things—I wanted them all. I'd have learned to sew fur and have worked in a fur shop if I'd have dared, but I was afraid I'd steal something. Then I married John, and there was nothing but hard work and babies. Sometimes I couldn't get out to look in a fur window for a week at a time. Then John died." The woman's face was alight. "Three hundred dollars wouldn't buy much for six, but it would buy a sealskin. I wanted it all my life! I never had so much money at one time before—I couldn't help it—I just had to buy it. I was never so happy in my life as the night I wore it home, and I'm just as happy with it now. I'd do it again. I'll work my fingers to the bone for my children. But I suppose you won't help me to get work now?"

The woman had risen from the chair's edge. Mrs. Stone was meditatively tapping the desk with her pencil.

"Wait a minute," she said. Mrs. Stone was thinking. She was remembering that two of her lady directors, lately widowed, were seeking forgetfulness in Europe, the meager allowance granted by the stingy departed having been multiplied by a generous court while the estates were being settled. Mrs. Stone might not be sympathetic, but she was logical and fair minded.

"There's a janitorship vacant in a school which I might get for you," she said. "It's $60 a month, and you could live well on that. Are you strong enough to do the work, and will you do it well? Of course if you don't do it well you'll simply be discharged, but I should dislike to recommend an incompetent person."

"Put me on trial," said the woman eagerly. "Indeed, I'll do it well, and Jamie is old enough to help me some."

"Very well," said Mrs. Stone. "Come at 9 o'clock on Monday, and I'll see what can be done."

For several seconds after her visitor had left Mrs. Stone sat silent before her desk. Then she whirled about in her revolving chair to listen to the next tale of woe.

A month later one of her assistants said to her:

"I'm afraid that woman for whom we secured the janitress' place was an impostor, after all."

"What makes you think so?" asked Mrs. Stone.

"Well, anyhow, I don't think she's as poor as Ellen West, who wanted it."

"She has five children to support," returned Mrs. Stone. "Ellen has only two, and she drinks."

"Yes," said the assistant, "but I saw her in the park yesterday, and what do you think she had on?"

"A sealskin sack perhaps," said Mrs. Stone, not looking up from the figures she was adding.

"So you knew?" gasped the other.

"Yes, I knew."

The assistant was bursting with curiosity. She waited a moment.

"Perhaps she has seen better days," she ventured.

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Stone, "though it was a sort of inheritance."

"Oh!" said the assistant. "But it is very good and new. I thought perhaps it was electric, but it wasn't. I should think she might sell it and get something for the children."

"She might," said Mrs. Stone, "but I don't think she will. Two, eight, nineteen, twenty-four—we've taken in $240 in dues this month. That's not bad."

EXPENSIVE APARTMENTS.

Women Who Can't Rent Them, but Who Like to Inspect Them.

The superintendent of an expensive apartment building was telling his troubles.

"It isn't showing apartments to those who really want one that makes me see the whole world through dark blue glasses just now," said he. "It's the aggravation of the people who go about inspecting fine suits which they cannot possibly pay for.

"You wouldn't imagine how many women have the mania unless you had my job for awhile. Only yesterday a young married woman and her mother, both smartly gowned, asked to see one of my six room suits, which rents for $200 a month, and there's no kitchen in the apartment either. We serve meals from the basement at $15 per week for each person.

"Well, those women were here fully an hour. They discussed the outlook from the various windows and the size and plan of the rooms and every little detail. They wanted to know if the front room would be done over in old gold and brown to harmonize with a certain set of furniture, and they measured the windows to see if their curtains would fit.

"Where 'baby' was to sleep bothered the young woman a whole heap. The nice sunny room she wanted for a nursery had only portieres between it and the drawing room, and another room opened into a court, while a third had a draft blowing through it. They discussed this question for some ten minutes, and when they finally decided that the kid should have a crib in the same room with its parents I began to feel that the apartment was off my hands.

"Then they insisted upon seeing the chef and went over the subject of meals with him for another fifteen or twenty minutes, making him give all the menus served for a week back. After that they climbed to the top of the house to see the maids' rooms, one of which goes with every apartment.

"Finally they stated that the apartment was the most satisfactory they had seen and that they would come back that evening with the young woman's husband. They felt sure he would decide to take it.

"As we came downstairs I stayed behind to lock the apartment, which had been under inspection, and I suppose they thought I wasn't going any farther, for as I caught up with them on the first flight I overheard the young woman saying:

"'Wouldn't it be swell to live like that, mamma, with all those delicious menus every day? When Jack gets rich we'll do so, won't we?'"—New York Press.

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Elizabeth M. North, late of Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to E. H. Raymond of said Ceres Township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

E. H. RAYMOND, Executor.
Ceres, New York, December 12th, 1907.

RAISED HIS WAGES.

The Way an Employer Got Square With a Faithful Assistant.

A story is told in Milwaukee concerning an elderly German who conducted a good sized manufacturing plant on the south side. He had an engineer at his factory who had been with him for fifteen years and the old gentleman had implicit confidence in him. It was with a profound shock that he discovered finally that the trusted engineer was "grafting" most shamefully.

The proprietor thought it all over for a long while and then sent for the engineer. When that functionary arrived the following dialogue took place:

"Ah, John! Good morning, John. How long have you been working by this place?"

"Fifteen years."

"Ach, so. And vot are your wages?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week."

"M-m-m. Vell, after today it vill be $5 a week more."

The engineer thanked his employer profusely and withdrew. A week later the old gentleman sent for him again and the same conversation ensued, ending with another $5 a week raise. The third Saturday he sent for the engineer again, and after the same questions and answers he raised his salary another $5 a week.

On the fourth Saturday the engineer was again summoned before the boss.

"How long have you been working here, John?" asked the proprietor.

"Fifteen years," replied the engineer, who by this time had grown to expect the weekly question and salary raise as a regular thing.

"And how much vages are you getting?"

"Forty dollars a week."

"Ach, so? Vell, you are fired."

"Fired!" exclaimed the engineer, almost fainting. "Why, you have been raising my salary $5 at a clip for the last three weeks."

"Sure I have," roared the Teutonic boss, all his indignation flaring out at once. "And the reason that I did it vas that it shall make it harder for you for vhen I fire you, you loafer!"—Minneapolis Wisconsin.

SILVER KING OF THE SEA.

The Feats That a Tarpon Will Perform When Hooked.

If you have never seen a tarpon lunging, the Mediterranean sardine that you take from the box for lunch lengthened out to six or seven feet. Give it two enormous staring black eyes, a supercilious lip of the most grotesque shape coming down and twisting up again, a mouth that can be thrown so wide open that thirty feet distant when the fish is in the air you can see blue sky down its throat and out through the arched gills. Give the fish a greenish back and a long spine at the dorsal, a powerful sardine like tail and equip its belly and sides with scales which look more like newly minted trade dollars than anything else, dollars often twice their natural size, into which the purest molten silver has been dropped, scales that flash thousands of rays in every direction, scales that gleam, corruscate and in the full glare of the sun form so many sunbursts to dazzle the eye and confuse the excited angler.

I have taken the "salute" under various circumstances and have seen it leap along the outer Florida reef and down by the Rio Grande, where it forms in gigantic schools and moves south in winter, and everywhere it is the same sensational equilibrist, the same air climbing and sky scraper, when hooked or aspired. What the sensations of the tarpon are when hooked it would be difficult to say, but I fancy it is frightened and leaps in the direction away from the pain center, and no two leaps are alike.

It may go directly up into the air, carrying a big wave with it, and lash the air, or it may go out of the water head first, rising like a ray of light ten or fifteen or more feet, then fall gracefully. Every possible position I have seen the frightened tarpon take, from standing on its tail as upright as a soldier to exactly the opposite direction, and an old angler informed me that he had seen a tarpon make a lateral leap of thirty feet.—Charles F. Holden in Recreation.

A Little Too Original.

"You New Yorkers are wonders," said the man from the west here for a brief stay and seeing everything from the Bronx to the Bowery. "Nothing is impossible here—at least I saw vines twined across the sky last night. It was in a restaurant in Forty-second street," he continued. "The ceiling is painted sky blue, and there are little electric lights set to look like stars. Also there are the clouds floating about, but then there are the vines that kill the otherwise very neat illusion. Originality is all right, but vines hitched to a sky is too much for a man from the west."—New York Globe.

The Main Point.

Mrs. Scrapleigh—They say, my dear, that the new rubber plant, the Ficus pandurata, is extremely beautiful. It has a glossy veined leaf— Mr. Scrapleigh (who has strained his back lugging the house plants around)—I don't care anything about its glossy veined leaves. What does the dum thing weigh?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Great Financier.

Cholly—Harry is a great financier. Chappie—Yaas! Cholly—He borrowed sixpence from me yesterday to take him to the city to see a man that he knew he could borrow a pound from, and with that pound he flew off to stand a dinner to another man whom he borrowed a hundred from.—London Telegraph.

The Whirling Dervishes.

Those eligible on the limit for "examinations" in Constantinople will wish to "take in" the dervishes. The whirling club have a convenient convent on the Grand line, where the circumnavigations may be witnessed at 7:30 o'clock on Friday evening for the admission of 10 cents. This weird performance personifies the solar system and is exactly ordered in all its phases. After preliminary circuits of the ring in single file to the discordant accompaniment of flute and tambourine the robed and turbaned dervishes commence their turning. With arms outstretched, the right palm upward to beseech blessings, the left depressed to signify mercy bestowed, the head is bent upon the right shoulder. The rapid revolving upon the right heel is effected by employing the left toes as motive power. As the circling accelerates, the long white skirts dilate until they stand out stiff after the manner of the attenuated garment of the premiere danseuse. Very little space is allotted to each priest, and it seems amazing that there are no collisions. The dance lasts for an hour or so with the men exhausted.—Travel Magazine.

Boys' Use of Barometers.

Every English schoolboy who can afford it has a barometer that he keeps hidden under his bed or in his trunk, for in all English schools barometers are strictly forbidden to the pupils. Why should they be forbidden? Why should they be desired? Through the autumn and winter the English schoolboy plays football every afternoon, weather permitting. He must play two hours each clear day. These two hours are taken off his recitations. They make his school tasks two hours lighter; hence when he knows beforehand that the next day will be clear he may spare himself two hours of useless study the night before. His barometer pointing to "fine" saves him a lot of toil. But when the instrument points to "change" then the schoolboy knows that there will be no football. Thus a boy with a barometer has a big advantage. He often sells weather predictions at a penny apiece.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Giants Not Long Lived.

Giants are not long lived, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the American Magazine. "Of nearly 100 names recorded I have been able to find the ages at death of only eighteen, as follows:

Lewis Wilkins	28
The Giant Constantin	30
Charles Byrne, the Irish Giant	22
Cornelius McGrath	22
James Toller	24
Thomas Hasler	24
The Minnesota Giant	18
The Norfolk Giant	13
Patrick Cotter	19
Clark in Bank of England	21
C. Munster	22
J. Winkelmeier	23
The Kentucky Giant	17
Lady Aama	17
S. Bolin	20
Peter Tuchan	20
The Peruvian Giant	25
Antonius of Syria	25

"This makes an average longevity of barely twenty-eight years, or only a third as many years as they had inches. A giant living to a good old age is a thing unheard of."

America's First Book.

The first book printed in America was "The Escale Espiritual Para Llegar al Cielo" (Spiritual Ladder For Reaching Heaven). It was printed in the City of Mexico in the early part of 1537 by Juan Pablos on a press brought from Europe by Fra Juan de Zumarraga, first Bishop of Mexico. The first attempt at a newspaper in America was the Mercurio Volante (Flying Mercury), Mexico, 1693. The first Indian school was founded in 1524, and industrial schools for Indians date back to 1548. "Half a century before our overland pony express was inaugurated there were regular monthly mails the length of Spanish America—from Paraguay to San Francisco, a little matter of 5,800 miles."—A. A. Lambing in Scottdale Independent.

Howler and Healer.

Rokitansky, the father of the well known operatic singers, was professor of pathology at the Vienna university. Besides the two singers he had another couple of sons, who had acquired a certain celebrity as medical men. One day when the old professor was asked how his sons were getting on he replied, shaking his head:

"You see, friends, two of them heal and the other two howl, and the howlers earn four times as much as the healers!"—London Standard.

The Philosophical Father.

The old man had finally succeeded in marrying off two of his seven daughters.

"Your girls have been blessings," said the officiating clergyman after the double ceremony.

"Yes," the old man huskily asserted, "they are the sort of blessings that brighten as they take their flight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Couldn't Take the Job.

An inland graduate came to New York to seek employment. Through a friend he received an offer of a place as shipping clerk to a certain firm. In reply he wrote as follows: "I regret that I cannot accept your kind offer of a position as shipping clerk, but the fact is that I am always sick when on the water."—Success Magazine.

Persuasion.

"I can't marry you," she said. "You are old enough to be my father."

"Don't hesitate on that account. Ten years from now nobody will suspect it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

There is always reason in the man for his good or bad fortune.—Emerson.

A Word For Nero.

"Nero fiddled while Rome burned!" exclaimed the student.

"Well," replied Mr. Growcher, "that's better than the custom many violinists have of practicing at a time when everything is nice and quiet otherwise."—Washington Star.

Thousands of men and women in all walks of life are suffering from kidney and bladder troubles. Don't neglect your kidneys. Delays are dangerous. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills afford quick relief for all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. A week's treatment 25c. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—don't forget the name, and accept no substitute. Get DeWitt's. It's good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ONLY ONE BOY IN THE FAMILY

The mother gives undivided attention to his wardrobe—can afford to spend the requisite amount of time to carefully select his clothes. To such a mother the viewing of our selections is a pleasure.

BOYS' SUITS, $2.50 to $8.00.

BOYS' OVERCOATS, $2 to $7.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
32-34 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

The Equitable Life Society

Is the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,057,000 of new business in November breaking all records, and $12,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me me your name and address.

L. FOSDICK,
Frick Bldg. Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

A New Millinery Parlor Opened.

Having now opened my Millinery Parlor on Hill street, next to Mr. Green's Grist Mill, with a line of up-to-date Millinery at a very low cost, I wish to close out my winter stock. A nice line of Girls School Hats from 50c up.

I make a specialty of Retrimming and Making Hats to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. SPRING,
SMETHPORT, PA.

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

DANTO IACOBUCCI

Has opened a

TAILOR SHOP

In the McNulty Building on Main street, just below the Wright House, where he is prepared to do Merchant Tailoring and Clean and Press Clothes.

All Work Guaranteed.

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

CONFORMS TO NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUGS LAW.

An improvement over many Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies, because it rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. No opiates. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Prepared by PINEULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street,
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Fossett.
Hamlin & Fossett
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. E. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa.
Office connected with long distance telephone.
E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. E. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 137 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

M. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D., C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Strander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Groth,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.,
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second door, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR.
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 103 W. King St.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. I. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:
The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.
Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Photo Fancies
For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen
THE HIT
OF
THE SEASON.
Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.
CALL and Ask About THEM.
"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.